

LULLABIES OF THE FOUR NATIONS



A SKETCH BY J. B. BROWN

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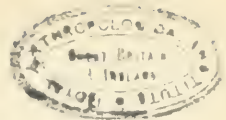
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LULLABIES OF THE
FOUR NATIONS





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Frontisjice

LULLABIES OF THE FOUR NATIONS

A CORONAL OF SONG WITH RENDERINGS
FROM THE WELSH AND THE GAELIC

ARRANGED BY

ADELAIDE L. J. GOSSET

We should see the spirits ringing
Round thee—were the clouds away.
'Tis the child-heart draws them, singing
In the silent-seeming clay—
Singing!—stars that seem the mutest, go in music all the way.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

(A Child Asleep)

LONDON: ALEXANDER MORING LTD.
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PREFACE

IN the "graceful and interesting study" of lullabies (as a poet has called it) there is much attraction. And I hope that my little book will fall into the hands of those who will give it a kindly welcome, and be lenient to such shortcomings as are inseparable from a work of this character. Mrs. Meynell tells us that no child ever *goes* to sleep. "It is pursued and overtaken by sleep, caught, surprised and overcome." It would seem that some of the poets realise this, as appears from such lines as these :

"Gude be praised, the *battle's* by,
An' sleep has won at last."

The composers of these lullabies appear to have used every possible device, from the terrible to the dainty, to induce slumber; what wakeful *Creeveen Cno* could resist the following by Walsh ? :

"Sweet babe, a golden cradle holds thee,
Soft a snow-white fleece enfolds thee,
Fairest flowers are strewn before thee,
Sweet birds warble o'er thee
Shoheen sho lo! lu lu lo."

But not to break so delicate a butterfly upon the wheel of my remarks, I will only add a few words to explain the general method of arrangement. The grouping is according to subject, and within these groupings all is in a roughly chronological order; while England leads the way, followed by Wales, the Isle of Man, Ireland and Scotland. The collection indeed covers ground as far north as the Hebrides, the Orkneys and Shetland, but in Group VII. ("Of Fairies") England is significantly absent. The arrangement by subjects brings out many resemblances which would otherwise be overlooked. This is particularly noticeable with the set of Bogie songs, the grouping of which does much to emphasize, as it were, their quaint grotesqueness of expression. Speaking generally, the superiority of the lullabies of Ireland and Scotland over those of England is apparent, and of all the songs none are more lovely than those of Ireland, where in more cases than one the lullabies exhibit an exquisitely

PREFACE

lyrical rhythm, as for instance in the "Donegal Hush-Song," by Cathal O'Byrne.

The collection is limited (with few exceptions) to actual lullabies or hush songs, while cradle songs which are not at the same time lullabies are as a rule avoided. A considerable number are translations from the Welsh, and Manx, Scots and Irish Gaelic. Many such (especially those orally gathered) being hitherto unpublished; the number which has appeared, as yet, in any anthology is comparatively small.

It has been suggested that many of these lullabies may be found suitable for teaching in connexion with the now popular "Mother-craft" classes. In Wordsworth's phrase, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and if the children of but a single generation should grow up to manhood or womanhood with the echo of even one of these lovely refrains to haunt their recollection, "till hearing dies," it would be to the writer a rich reward for what has certainly been a delightful—if at times—an arduous task.

Under the heading of "Contents" an asterisk indicates indebtedness to living authors, and under that of "Appendix" acknowledgement is tendered to publishers and other owners of copyright about which, the task of discovering the facts, has, in some cases, been no light one. I would here offer my most sincere thanks to the many who have so generously consented to the inclusion of copyright songs, and to the many more who at the same time have taken personal interest in the work, and given me much kind and valuable help. I would specially name Mr. Walter de la Mare, Mr. John Frith, Mr. Alexander Gardner, of Paisley, Mr. W. H. Gill, Mr. A. P. Graves, Messrs. Hughes and Son, of Wrexham, Miss Eleanor Hull, Miss Jennett Humphreys, Mr. Padric Gregory, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. A. W. Johnstone, The Rev. A. J. Macdonald, The Rev. Archibald Macdonald, Mr. Kenneth Macleod, Mr. P. J. McCall, Miss Sophia Morrison, Miss Frances Tolmie, Mrs. Trevelyan, Miss Whyte, and lastly Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane and Mr. Walter Skeat; their kindly and helpful advice has piloted me through many a literary tangle.

A. L. J. G.



Raphael

SINGING ANGELS
From the picture of St. Cecilia

Anderson, photo

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I.—OF HOPE & JOYOUSNESS



Reynolds

LADY MELBOURNE WITH HER SON
THE HON. PENISTON LAMB

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I

BABY SONG

My Baby is—a Baby,
There are plenty to be seen,
And everybody's Baby
Is the other Babies' queen.

Sing milk and silk and lavender,
Sing cuddles, coos, and kisses,
Sing Baby lays in Baby ways,
And such a song as this is!

They all have eyes like violets,
And their pinky little toes
Are like ten dainty coral beads
In two delightful rows.

Sing milk and silk and lavender,
Sing cuddles, coos, and kisses,
Sing pink and blue, we think of you.
And what a fine song this is!

They wear such darling little frocks,
Their petticoats are woolly;
Their heads are fluffy little shocks,
All ruffled and unruly.

Sing milk and silk and lavender,
Sing cuddles, coos, and kisses,
Sing Baby's frocks and Baby's locks,
And what a fine song this is!

They all clap hands and pat-a-cake,
Play "peep-bo" and "hot pies";
And "little pigs to market,"
And they all love lullabies.

Sing milk and silk and lavender,
Sing cuddles, coos, and kisses,
Sing little pigs and little jigs,
And what a fine song this is!

And how they love "the blackbird
That" pops off Baby's "nose,"
Instead of that young Maiden's
Who was "hanging out the clothes."

Sing milk and silk and lavender,
Sing cuddles, coos, and kisses,
Sing kings with money and queens with honey,
And what a fine song this is!

And when the Baby goes to sleep,
We stop the children's riot;
On careful tip-toe soft we creep,
And all the house is quiet.

Sing milk and silk and lavender,
Sing cuddles, coos, and kisses,
Sing lullabies and hushabies,
And dreams of Baby blisses.

Ada Stow.

2

SLEEP, SLEEP, BEAUTY BRIGHT

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh, the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful night shall break.

William Blake.

3

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Our cottage vale is deep;
The little lamb is on the green
With woolly fleece so soft and clean—
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Down where the woodbines creep;
Be always like the lamb so mild,
A kind, and sweet, and gentle child—
Sleep, baby, sleep!

4

LOVE ME—I LOVE YOU

Love me—I love you,
Love me, my baby;
Sing it high, sing it low,
Sing it as may be.

Mother's arms under you,
Her eyes above you;
Sing it high, sing it low,
Love me—I love you.

Christina G. Rossetti.

5

A NURSERY HOUR

(A ROAD TO SLUMBERLAND)

Up and down, up and down,
Baby's riding on my knee,
Crumpling up my silken gown
In her glee, in her glee:
Striking with her rosy fists,
Striving with her tiny wrists.

Trot my nag, trot my nag,
Baby rides more gently now;
All her ardour seems to lag,
Lay her low, lay her low;
Let her steed unbridled be,
Baby sleeps upon my knee.

Lady Lindsay.

6

BABY, BABY BRIGHT

Baby, baby bright,
Sleep can steal from sight
Little of your light:

Soft as fire in dew,
Still the life in you
Lights your slumber through.

Four white eyelids keep
Fast the seal of sleep
Deep as love is deep:

Yet, though closed it lies,
Love behind them spies
Heaven in two blue eyes.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

7

AS A BLOSSOM SWEET AND ROSY

(SUO-GAN)

As a blossom sweet and rosy
Folds its petals for the night,
In my bosom curling cosy,
Hush you, hush you, baby bright!
While I'm by thee, nothing cruel,
Not one harmful sound or sight
Shall come nigh thee, O my jewel!
O my armful of delight!

Little flow'rets in the meadows,
Little nestlings in the trees,
Now are sleeping in the shadows
To the cradling of the breeze;
But the blossom of my bosom,
But the birdie on my knees,
While I lock him there and rock him,
Has a warmer nest than these.

Start not! 'tis the ivy only
Tapping, tapping o'er and o'er;
Start not! 'tis the billow lonely
Lapping, lapping on the shore;
Through your dreaming you are beaming,
Oh so purely now, my store,
You must see your angel, surely,
Smiling through Heaven's open door!

Alfred Perceval Graves.
(From the Welsh of Robert Bryan.)

Suo-gan : lullaby.

8

OH HUSH! LITTLE BABY! HUSH! HUSH!

LULLABY

Oh hush! little baby! Hush, hush! lullaby!
 Thine eyes should be closing, and silent thy cry;
 My babe, softly couched on thy mother's warm breast,
 All past is thy toying—'tis time thou shouldst rest.
 Cease, pretty fingers, to stray in my hair;
 Peace, joyful murmur, enriching the air;
 Droop, brightsome eyes—seek thy mother's no more;
 Smiles dare not come, though thy mother bends o'er:
 At morn, to thy touch, 'tis her joy to reply;
 She shuns thee but now, sweet! Hush, hush! lullaby!

Oh hush! pretty baby! Hush, hush! lullaby!
 Thine eye is not hidden; still lingers thy cry.
 My babe, though thy babble is life to my breast,
 I sing thee to sleep, love, I lull thee to rest.
 Part not thy lips; my glad kiss I must keep;
 I may not caress till I see thee asleep.
 Slumber, my babe; the gay sunlight is past;
 Flow'rets so tender in sleep should be fast.
 I heed not thy prattle, I turn from thy cry;
 Sleep, sleep, baby darling! Hush, hush! lullaby!

Jennett Humphreys.

9

GOOD-NIGHT

(OIE-VIE NOGHT)

Oie-vie noght,
Babban boght,
Safe in Mammy's arms you res';
Villish veg,
Babban beg,
Coo, my birdie, in your nes'!

Babban beg,
Villish veg,
Shut your eyes, my pretty love!
Lhiannoo meein,
Ushag veen,
Coo yourself to sleep, my dove!

“*Cushag.*”

Babban boght : poor baby.

Villish veg : sweet little [one].

Beg : little.

Lhiannoo meein : gentle child.

Ushag : bird—*veen* : soft (soft birdie).

10

SWEET BABE, A GOLDEN CRADLE HOLDS THEE

(SUANTRAIÐHE)

Sweet babe, a golden cradle holds thee,
 Soft a snow-white fleece enfolds thee,
 Fairest flowers are strewn before thee,
 Sweet birds warble o'er thee.
 Shoheen sho lo! lu lu lo!

Oh sleep, my baby, free from sorrow,
 Bright thou'lt ope thine eyes to-morrow;
 Sleep, while o'er thy smiling slumbers
 Angels chant their numbers.
 Shoheen sho lo! lu lu lo!

Edward Walsh.
(From the Irish.)

Suantraidhe (pron. *Suan-tree*): hush song.
Shoheen sho (*Seoithin seó* or *scóthó*): husho, or hushaby.

II

A SLEEP SONG

Deirín dé, Deirín dé!
The brown bittern speaks in the bog;
Deirín dé, Deirín dé!
The night-jar is abroad on the heath.

Deirín dé, Deirín dé!
Kine will go west at dawn of day;
Deirín dé, Deirín dé!
And my child will go to the pasture to mind them.

Deirín dé, Deirín dé!
Moon will rise and sun will set;
Deirín dé, Deirín dé!
Kine will come east at end of day.

Deirín dé, Deirín dé!
I will let my child go gathering blackberries,
Deirín dé, Deirín dé!
If he sleep softly till the ring of day!

P. H. Pearse.
(From the Irish.)

Deirín dé: the name given by children to the last spark at the end of a burning stick, used in a game resembling our English "Jack's alight, in very good health," when a lighted stick is passed from hand to hand until it goes out.

12

OH, I WILL GO TO THE FAIR OF MALLOW

Oh, I will go
To the fair of Mallow,
And buy me frieze
For my dear, and headgear.
Shoheen shoho,
Shoho aroo a lanniv,
Shoheen shoho,
Mo stor mo lanniv.

I'll spin me satin
From the gold of morning
For my little baby
For robe and jacket.
Shoheen shoho,
Shoho aroo a lanniv,
Shoheen shoho,
Mo stor mo lanniv.

I'll weave me thongs
All in the fashion
For the narrow little brogue
Of all most dainty.
Shoheen shoho,
Shoho aroo a lanniv,
Shoheen shoho,
Mo stor mo lanniv.

For my darling, oh,
I will make a bed,
Till there come again
The rose on his cheek.
Shoheen shoho,
Shoho aroo a lanniv,
Shoheen shoho,
Mo stor mo lanniv.

In the wood of the nuts,
On an eve near Sowin,
There'll be store before us
Of ripened clusters.
Shoheen shoho,
Shoho aroo a lanniv,
Shoheen shoho,
Mo stor mo lanniv.

And kings from Greece
And heroes from Britain
Will envy me
My pearl beloved.
Shoheen shoho,
Shoho aroo a lanniv,
Shoheen shoho,
Mo stor mo lanniv.

P. H. Pearse.

*(From the Irish of
Tadhg O'Donnachadha.)*

Shoheen shoho: v. ante, 10.

Aroo a lanniv (*Airín a leinbh*): dear my child.

Mo stor mo lanniv (*leinbh*): my child [is] my treasure.

Sowin (*Samhain*): November day, or All-Hallows.

13

SHOHEEN-SHO

I would put my child to slumber, my own—and yet not so—
As the wives of clowns may do it, as the babes of clowns
may go,

Beneath a yellow blanket, and beneath a sheet of tow;
But in a golden cradle, that the wind rocks to and fro.

Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo,
Sho-heen sho, you are my child,
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo,
Sho-heen sho, and you are my child!

I would put my child to slumber—and this must be the way,
Between two Christmas seasons, on a bright and sunny day;
And in a golden cradle and upon a level floor,
Beneath the tree-tops lofty, that the wind rocks evermore.

Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo,
Sho-heen sho, you are my child,
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo,
Sho-heen sho, and you are my child!

Then sleep, my child, and may it the sleep of safety be,
And may you from this slumber arise in health and glee;
May neither death-stitch seize you, nor ugly small-pox
strike,

Nor any infants' sickness, dire colic, and their like!

Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo,
Sho-heen sho, you are my child,
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo,
Sho-heen sho, and you are my child!

Then sleep, my child, and be it sweet sleep and safe to thee,
And may you from this slumber arise in health and glee;
From dreams of pain and sorrow, oh! may your heart be free,
And may your mother never a son-less woman be!

Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo,
Sho-heen sho, you are my child,
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo,
Sho-heen sho, and you are my child!

Alma Strettell.

*(Versified from Owen M. Edwards' literal
translation of the ancient Irish song.)*

14

HUSH O!

I would hush my lovely laddo,
 In the green arbutus' shadow,
 O'er the fragrant, flow'ring meadow,
 In the smiling spring-time,
 Shoheen sho lo,
 Shoheen hoo lo!

I'd hush my boy beside the fountain,
 By the soothing silvery fountain,
 On the pleasant, purple mountain,
 In the sultry summer.
 Shoheen sho lo,
 Shoheen hoo lo!

I would smooth my darling's pillow,
 By the blue Atlantic billow,
 On the shores of Parknasilla,
 In the golden autumn.
 Shoheen sho lo,
 Shoheen hoo lo!

I would soothe my child to slumber,
 By the rosy, rustling ember,
 Through the days of dark December,
 In the stormy winter.
 Shoheen sho lo,
 Shoheen hoo lo!

May no cruel fairy charm thee!
 May no dread banshee alarm thee!
 Flood, nor fire, nor sickness harm thee!
 Winter, spring, and summer—
 Summer, autumn, winter,
 Shoheen sho lo,
 Shoheen hoo lo!

Alfred Perceval Graves.

Shoheen sho : *v. ante*, 10.

Banshee (*bean-sidhe*) : woman fairy.

15

UNDER THE ARBUTUS

In the green arbutus' shadow
On the lovely banks of Loune,
I would rock my laughing laddo
In his cradle up and down;
Up and down, and to and fro,
Singing lulla, lulla lo!

Soft cloud-fleeces, floating o'er us,
Curtain up the staring sun!
Pretty birds, in loving chorus,
Pipe around my precious one!
Pipe your softest shoheen sho,
Tirra lirra! lulla lo!

See! the sky to brightest blossom
Flowers within the furthest West,
And the babe upon my bosom
Flushes with the rose of rest;
Whilst with magic light aglow
Loune gives back my lulla lo!

Alfred Perceval Graves.

(From Irish Songs and Ballads, set to music by C. V. Stanford,
published by Novello & Co., Ltd.)

Shoheen sho: v. ante, 10.

16

THE HOOD HAMMOCK

Though the way be long and weary
 Over mountain, under wood,
 Mother will never mind it, deary,
 With you hammocked in her hood.

Hush! my honey! See, my sonny!
 How from off the Autumn trees
 Sparkling showers of fairy money
 Fall and flutter in the breeze!

Hush! the Queen bee to her levee,—
 Buzz-a-buzz! with humming sport,—
 From the blossoms in a bevy
 Calls her golden glancing court.

Hark! the cushats without number
 In the tree-tops o'er our track
 "Coo-a-coo!" to smiling slumber
 Coax the boyo on my back.

Shoheen sho lo! lulla lo lo!
 Safe from sigh and sound of harm,
 Dream till daddy lifts his laddy
 Laughing up upon his arm.
 Dream! Dream!

Alfred Perceval Graves.

(From Irish Songs and Ballads, set to music by C. V. Stanford,
 published by Novello & Co., Ltd.)

Shoheen sho : v. ante, 10.

17

SOFTLY NOW THE BURN IS RUSHING

Softly now the burn is rushing,
Every lark its song is hushing,
On the moor thick rest is falling
Just one heather-blade is calling—
Calling, calling, lonely, lonely,
For my darling, for my only,
 Leanbhain O, Leanbhain O!

Trotting home, my dearie, dearie,
Wee black lamb comes wearie, wearie,
Hear its soft feet pit-a-patting
Quickly o'er the flowery matting,
See its brown-black eyes a-blinking—
Of its bed it's surely thinking,
 Leanbhain O, Leanbhain O!

The hens to roost wee Nora's 'shooing,'
Brindley in the byre is mooing,
The tired-out cricket quits its calling;
Velvet sleep on all is falling—
Lark and cow, and sheep and starling—
Feel it kiss our fair-haired darling,
 Leanbhain O, Leanbhain O!

Seumas MacManus.

Leinbh bháin o: (pronounce *laniv wawn*) white (or fairhaired) child.

18

A SLEEP SONG

In the shade o' the willow,
 Furnest the door,
 On my warm breast I'll pillow
 Your head asthore!
 And you'll sleep an' dhream o' God's Land
 Divine,
 While I hould your wee wee white hand
 In mine.
 O rock-a-bye, so,
 O hush-a-bye, so,
 While I hould your wee wee white hand
 In mine.
 O rock-a-bye, so,
 O hush-a-bye, so,
 Rock-a-bye,
 Hush-a-bye,
 So.

An' the fair Queen o' Heaven
 A watch will keep,
 An' the day'll wear tae even
 While you're asleep,
 In your cradle o' pine-wood hid,
 Asthore!
 While the through-other house I rid
 Once more.
 O rock-a-bye, so,
 O hush-a-bye, so,

For your da comin' home from the fields,
Ashore!
O rock-a-bye, so,
O hush-a-bye, so,
Rock-a-bye,
Hush-a-bye,
So.

Padric Gregory.

Ashore (a stor) : O, treasure.

Through-olher : disordered, untidy

To rid : to put in order.

19

OH, TO AND FRO ON MY BOSOM OF LOVE

Oh, to and fro on my bosom of love,
Like a bird on the bough of the white hazel swinging;
While a husho falls from the skies above,
And a lul-la-lo the fairies are singing,
Sleep, Sthoreen bawn, sleep on till dawn;
Peace to my heart your sweet breath bringing.

Oh, weeshie handies and mouth of the rose!
My share of the world in his warm nest is lying,
While a husho falls as the blue eyes close,
And a lul-la-lo on the night-wind dying.
Sleep, flower of love! sleep, cooing dove,
Softly above my heart's glad sighing!

Alanniv machree, cling closer to me,
Now daylight has flown and the pale stars are peeping,
While a husho falls o'er the land and sea,
And a lul-la-lo from the far hills creeping,
Sleep, Sthoreen bawn, sleep on till dawn,
Angels their watch above you keeping.

Francis A. Fahy.

Sthoreen (stoirin) : little treasure. *Bawn* : fair-haired.
Weeshie handies : little hands.
Alanniv (a leinbh) : O child. *Machree (mo chroidhe)* : of my heart (darling
of my heart).

20

HUSH YE, MY BAIRNIE

(CAGARAN GAOLACH)

Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee laddie,
When ye're a man, ye shall follow yer daddie;
Lift me a coo, and a goat and a wether,
Bringing them hame tae yer minnie thegither.

Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee lammie;
Routh o' guid things ye shall bring tae yer mamnie,
Hare frae the meadow, and deer frae the mountain,
Grouse frae the muirlan', and trout frae the fountain.

Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee dearie;
Sleep, come and close the e'en heavy and wearie;
Closed are the wearie e'en; rest ye are takin'—
Soun' be yer sleeping and bricht be yer waking.

Malcolm MacFarlane.
(From the Gaelic.)

Cagaran gaolach : a term of endearment ('little lovable whisper').
Lift : steal.
Routh : plenty.

21

A HIGHLAND CROON

Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon, croon,
Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon.
The sheep are gane to the siller wood,
And the cows are gane to the broom, broom.

And it's braw milking the kye, kye,
It's braw milking the kye,
The birds are singing, the bells are ringing,
And the wild deer come galloping by, by.

And hush-a-ba, birdie, croon, croon,
Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon.
The gaits are gane to the mountain hie,
And they'll no be hame till noon, noon.

Gaits: goats.

WEE WEARIED LOWRIE

Wee wearied Lowrie,
Come to mither's knee,
An' I'll rock you like a boatie
On the bonnie simmer sea!

Wee sunburnt Lowrie,
Sairly tired wi' play,
He's been toddlin' wi' the lammie
On the hillside a' the day.

Wee rosy Lowrie,
Noo he's sleepin' soun',
An' the wee pet lam' is lookin'
For his playmate roun' and roun'!

In amang the brackens,
Up out o'er the knowe,
He is looking for wee Lowrie
Wi' his bonnie flaxen pow!

Wee sleepy Lowrie,
You may safely rest,
For you'll ne'er hae kinder pillow
Than a mither's lovin' breast!

Ha! there's wee lammie
Comin' toddlin' in,
An' he sees wee Lowrie's sleepin',
Sac he winna mak' a din!

Wee wearied Lowrie's
Noo put to his bed,
An' he's sleepin' aye the soun'er
As the westlin' sky grows red!

Wee drookit daisies
On the dewy green,
Is a lammie's sweetest nibble
E'er he goes to rest at e'en!

Twa bonnie lammies,
May you wake the morn,
An' your life be ae lang simmer
That the sweetest flowers adorn!

Tom McEwan.

Lowrie : an abbreviation of Lawrence.
Drookit : drenched (or wet with dew).

TO A WEE SCOTS COLONIAL

Oh, I will sing a sangie
To my wee wearied wean,
An' tell him o' a countrie
That's far across the main,—
Far, far awa' in Scotland,
Across the wide, wide sea,
Where some day, in a boatie,
He'll gang wi' dad an' me!

The braes o' bonnie Scotland
Are spangled a' wi' flowers,
That shimmer in the sunshine
Atween the caller showers.
There's buttercups an' daisies,
Starwort an' columbine,
The heather an' the harebell,
An' sparklin' celandine!

We'll listen to the lintie,
An' lammies on the lea,
The croodle o' the cushie,
An' hummin' o' the bee;
We'll row amang the wild-thyme
An' paidle in the burn,
An' search for haunts o' fairies
At ilka flowery turn!

You'll cuddle your ain granny,
An' proud, proud she will be
To clasp you to her bosie,
An' rock you on her knee;
She'll tell you siccan stories
'Bout brownies on the brae,
An' fairies in the greenwood,
An' witches grim an' grey.

An' legends 'bout auld castles
On islands o' the sea,
An' heroes o' the Covenant
Wha focht for libertie;
She'll bless her ain wee callant
That gies sae meikle joy,
An' pray for a' the promise
In sic a gallant boy.

Tom McEwan.

Croodle o' the cushie: the cooing of the wood-pigeon.

24

HEE BALOU

Hee balou! my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald;
Brawlie kens our wanton chief
Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie;
An' thou live, thou'll steal a naigie;
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the border,
Weel, my babie, may thou funder;
Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

Robert Burns.

Brawlie : very well.
Wha : who.
Leeze me : lief am I (I love dearly).
Craigie : neck.

An : if.
Herry : herry or plunder.
Lawlands : Lowlands.
Laigh : low.

25

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

Oh, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
 Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
 The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
 They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee!

O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,

O ho ro, i ri ri.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed!

O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,

O ho ro, i ri ri.

Oh, hush thee, my babie, the time will soon come
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
 Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
 For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day!

O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,

O ho ro, i ri ri.

Sir Walter Scott.

Cadul (Cadil) gu lo : sleep on till day.

26

NORTHERN CRADLE SONG

Lullaby, a-cooing doo!
Ne'er a fret about ye noo!
Soon thou'llt be the pride o' men,
Fechtln' for moor and glen,
Winsome an' kek, I ken.
Sleep, bonnie sonnie, then;
Sleep is for Mither too—
Lullaby, a-cooing doo!

Lullaby, a-cooing doo!
Slumber a' the lang nicht through.
Sleep, sonsy bairnie, till
Morn creeps along the hill,
Like a babe itsel' that will
Peep, on all-fours, o'er the sill.
Mither bids her wheel adieu—
Lullaby, a-cooing doo!

Lady Lindsay.

Fechtln : fighting.
Sonsy : comely and plump.
A cooing doo : a cooing dove.

27

REST, MY AIN BAIRNIE

Rest, my ain bairnie, lie peaceful and still,
Sleeping or waking, I'll guard thee from ill.
Fair be thy body, whiter than snow,
No evil mark from the heel to the brow;
No ghost shall fright thee, nought shalt thou fear,
I'll sing them a charm that none may come near.
Then rest, my ain bairnie, lie peaceful and still,
Sleeping or waking, I'll guard thee from ill!

Eerily gathers the mist on Ben Shee,
Coldly the wind sweeps in from the sea,
But terror and storm may come east or come west,
Warm will my birdie bide in the nest.
Then rest, my ain bairnie, lie peaceful and still,
Sleeping or waking, I'll guard thee from ill!

Fresh as the heather thy boyhood will bloom,
Strong as the pine thy manhood will come,
Flower of thy kinsmen, chief of thy clan,
King of my heart, thou bonnie wee man.
Then rest, my ain bairnie, lie peaceful and still,
Sleeping or waking, I'll guard thee from ill!

Harold Boulton.

28

SLEEP, O SLEEP, MY DEAR

(CAIDIL THUS' A GHAOIL)

Sleep, O sleep, my dear,
Slumber without fear,
I am sitting here
By thy cosy bed!

I am ever by,
Sleep and do not cry,
Close thy keeking eye,
Rest thy little head!

Slumber on, my love,
Gentle as a dove,
Angels from above
Guard thy little bed!

Henry Whyte ("Fionn").
(From the Gaelic.)

Keeking: peeping.

THE MILLER'S WIFE'S LULLABY

I heard an old woman in Harray Orkney crooning the following lullaby to her grandchild. She was sitting in front of a peat-fire, holding the bairn in her lap, with a foot in each hand, heating the bairn's toes before putting him into the cradle.—/ *E. W. Tait, 1911.*

Kenst doo hoo,
 Dae dogs gaed tae dae mill,
 Trill, trill, trill!
 Ap aboot dae clappars,
 An' doon aboot dae happars,
 Dae dogs gaed tro' dae mill.
 First in dis man's meal-poke,
 And dat man's meal-poke,
 An' in dae millar's meal-poke,
 An' hame again!
 Emly-amly, emly-amly,
 Fill, fill, fill!

Kenst doo hoo : knowest thou how ?

Emly-amly : rolling from side to side (through being too full).

30

TO A SLEEPING CHILD

Thine eyelids slept so beautifully, I deem'd
No eyes could wake so beautiful as they:
Thy rosy cheeks in such still slumbers lay,
I loved their peacefulness, nor ever dream'd
Of dimples;—for those parted lips so seem'd,
I never thought a smile could sweetlier play,
Nor that so graceful life could chase away
Thy graceful death,—till those blue eyes upbeam'd.
Now slumber lies in dimpled eddies drown'd,
And roses bloom more rosily for joy,
And odorous silence ripens into sound,
And fingers move to sound.—All-beauteous boy!
How dost thou waken into smiles, and prove,
If not more lovely, thou art more like Love!

Thomas Hood.

II.—OF PENSIVENESS & RUTH



Thomas Fauch, R.A.

IN TIME OF WAR

Walker Art Gallery

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W. J. Mansell, photo

31

CRADLE SONG

The rushes rim the swinging edge
Of pools that twilight makes remote;
The wind has got a lonely note,
And croons and cries about the sedge:
And bears the burden in its cries
Of world-forgotten lullabies;
And with old movement swings and cools
The rushes cradled in the pools.

Oh louder blown across the wild
This ancientest of music comes,—
The primal song the mother hums
Above the cradle of the child:
Oh futile dreams that throng and press
Through lullabies in loneliness!
Oh yearning soul that croons and cries
In loneliness of lullabies!

Ethel Rolt-Wheeler.

32

SLEEP, BABIE MINE

Sleep, babie mine, Desire's nurse, Beauty, singeth;
Thy cries, O babie, set mine head on aching,
The babe cries, "Way, thy love doth keep me waking."
Lully! lully! my babe, Hope cradle bringeth
Unto my children alway, good rest taking.
The babe cries, "Way, thy love doth keep me waking."
Since, Babie mine, from me thy watching springeth,
Sleep then a little, pap Content is making.
The babe cries, "Nay, for that abide I waking."

Sir Philip Sidney.

33

AN EXCELLENT SONG CALLED LULLABY

(TO A PLEASANT TUNE.)

Come, little babe, come, seely soul,
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
Born as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thyself unhappy chief;
Sing lullaby, and lap it warm,
Poor soul, that thinks no creature harm!

Thou little think'st and less dost know
The cause of all thy mother's moan;
Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,
And I myself am all alone;
Why dost thou weep? why dost thou wail?
And know'st not yet what thou dost ail!

Come, little wretch—ah, seely heart!
Mine only joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong thy smart,
That may the destinies implore:
'Twas I, I say, against my will,
I wail the time, but be thou still!

And dost thou smile? oh, thy sweet face!—
Would God Himself He might thee see!—
No doubt thou would'st soon purchase grace,
I know right well, for thee and me;
But come to mother, babe, and play,
For father false is fled away!

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance
Thy father home again to send,
If Death do strike me with his lance,
Yet may'st thou me to him commend;
 If any ask thy mother's name,
 Tell how by love she purchased blame!

Then will his gentle heart soon yield;
I know him of a noble mind;
Although a lion in the field,
A lamb in town thou shalt him find;
 Ask blessing, babe, be not afraid,
 His sugared words hath me betray'd!

Then may'st thou joy and be right glad;
Although in woe I seem to moan,
Thy father is no rascal lad,
A noble youth of blood and bone;
 His glancing looks, if he once smile,
 Right honest women may beguile!

Come, little boy, and rock a-sleep;
Sing lullaby and be thou still;
I, that can do naught else but weep,
Will sit by thee and wail my fill;
 God bless my babe, and lullaby
 From this thy father's quality!

Nicholas Breton.

Seely : simple, harmless.

Laf : wrap.

34

GOLDEN SLUMBERS KISS YOUR EYES

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby!

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby!

Thomas Dekker.

35

MY LITTLE SWEET DARLING, MY COMFORT
AND JOY

My little sweet darling, my comfort and joy,—
 Sing lully by, lully!
In beauty excelling the princess of Troy,—
 Sing lully by, lully!
Now, suck, child, and sleep, child, thy mother's sweet
 boy,
The gods bless and keep thee from cruel annoy;
Thy father, sweet infant, from mother is gone,
And she in the woods here, with thee left alone.
To thee, little infant, why do I make moan,—
 Sing lully, lully!
Sith thou canst not help me to sigh nor to groan,
 Sing lully, lully, lully!
Sweet baby, lully by, sweet baby, lully, lully!

MS. temp. James I.

36

THE WIDOW'S LULLABY

Lully-lully, my baby, oh, would that thy mother
 Were happy as thou, and light-hearted, to-night;
 Lull-lully, now get thee to sleep with no singing,
 My songs are all quenched, like a perishing light;
 And 'tis easier now
 To shed tears on thy brow,
 While thus I bend over thy cradle, and trace
 Thy father's dear image again in thy face.

Lull-lully, my pretty: I joy thou dost know not
 That thou art an orphan—nor wilt yet for long;
 Thy heart so unspotted were breaking, my treasure,
 Didst thou know that a widow, unshielded from wrong,
 Doth lull thee to sleep
 In loneliness deep,
 With thy father no more at the hearth by her side,
 With no counsel, no song, and no rudder to guide.

Lull-lully, my fay, if thy mother be spared thee,
 Thou'lt find against wrongs a sure shield in her arm;
 Thy father's dear spirit now prayeth in Heaven
 The world's mighty Ruler to guard us from harm;
 Yea, asketh me too
 To shelter thee true,
 Like an angel to nurse thee beneath Heaven's eyes;
 Oh, lully!—ere long we shall lie where he lies!

OF PENSIVENESS & RUTH
WALES (PENTRE, SWANSEA)

LULLABIES

Lull-lully, without there the rough wind blows colder,
And thick in the moonlight the frost spreads a shroud;
But yonder, my Gwen, there's a beautiful Canaan
For us the forlorn—without darkness or cloud.
Of that Country all bright
We will dream through this night;
Oh, could we but go there to wander, set free,
Yea, go while we dream of the dawn that shall be!

*From the Welsh of G. Penar Griffith
(Versified by Alma Strettell from Owen Edwards' literal translation.)*

37

THE MOTHER AND BABY

(MAM A'I BABAN)

The mother yields her babe to sleep
Upon her tender breast,
And sings a lullaby to keep
Its little heart at rest:
“ Oh, sleep in peace upon my bosom,
And sweetly may your small dreams blossom:
And from the fears that made me weep you,
And from all pains, as soft you sleep you,
The angels lightly guard and keep you
So safe and blest!

“ Your mother, dear, is full of fear,
As the dark hours run;
Her love entwines so closely, dear,—
Dearest little one!
Her song is in its music weeping,
To think of death and its dark keeping,
That yet might turn those red cheeks white,—
Life's rose, that grows so in her sight,
And dull those eyes, like morning light!—
Dearest little one!

“ So warm you lie, so soft you sleep,
And nestle still more near,
With careless dreams that smile and weep,
And not a thought of fear,—
Her prayers go up to Heaven for you,
That for the boundless love she bore you,
If she were gone one night, and sorrow
Came very close upon the morrow—
The Christ-child should a candle borrow
To light you home to her.”

Ernest Rhys.
(*From the Welsh.*)

38

GWENDOLEEN'S REPOSE

(HUN GWENLLIAN)

My Gwendoleen, my heart's delight!
Sleep on thro' shiv'ring spear and brand,
An apple rosy-red within thy baby hand;
Thy pillowed cheeks a pair of roses bright,
Thy heart as happy day and night!
'Mid all our woe, O vision rare!
Sweet little Princess cradled there,
The apple in thy hand, thy all of earthly care!

Thy brethren battle with the foe,
Thy Sire's red strokes around him sweep,
Whilst thou, his bonny babe, art smiling on in sleep;
All Gwalia shudders at the Norman blow.
What are the angels whisp'ring low, of thy father now?
Bright babe, asleep upon my knee,
How many a Queen of high degree
Would cast away her crown to slumber thus like thee.

Alfred Perceval Graves.
(From the Welsh of "Ceiriog.")

39

THE CASTLE OF DROMORE

(CAISLEÁN AN DROMA-MHÓIR)

October winds lament around the Castle of Dromore,
But peace is in her lofty halls, mo fashty veeg astore;
Though autumn leaves may droop and die, a bud of spring
are you;

Sing hushaby lullaloo lo lan, sing hushaby lullaloo!

Bring no ill winds to hinder us, my helpless babe and me,
Dread spirits of the Blackwater, Clan Eoghan's wild
banshee;

For Holy Mary, pitying us, in Heaven for grace doth sue;
Sing hushaby lullaloo lo lan, sing hushaby lullaloo!

Take time to thrive, my rose of hope, in the garden of
Dromore,

Take heed, young eaglet, till your wings have feathers fit
to soar;

A little rest, and then the world is full of work to do;
Sing hushaby lullaloo lo lan, sing hushaby lullaloo!

Harold Boulton.

Mo fashty veeg (mo phaisde bhig) : my little child.

Astore : v. ante 17.

Banshee : v. ante 14.

40

BALOW, MY BABE, LIE STILL AND SLEEP

Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep!
 It grieves me sore to see thee weep,
 Would'st thou be quiet, I'se be glad,
 Thy mourning makes my sorrow sad:
 Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
 Thy father breeds me great annoy—
 Balow, la-low!

When he began to court my love,
 And with his sugred words me move,
 His faynings false and flattering cheer
 To me that time did not appear!
 But now I see most cruellye
 He cares ne for my babe nor me—
 Balow, la-low!

Lie still, my darling, sleep awhile,
 And when thou wak'st thou'lt sweetly smile:
 But smile not as thy father did
 To cozen maids, nay, God forbid!
 But yet I fear thou wilt go near
 Thy father's heart and face to bear—
 Balow, la-low!

OF PENSIVENESS & RUTH
SCOTLAND

LULLABIES

I cannot choose, but ever will
Be loving to thy father still;
Where'er he go, where'er he ride,
My love with him doth still abide;
In weal or woe, where'er he go,
My heart shall ne'er depart him fro—
Balow, la-low!

But do not, do not, pretty mine,
To faynings false thy heart incline!
Be loyal to thy lover true,
And never change her for a new;
If good or fair, of her have care,
For woman's banning's wondrous sare—
Balow, la-low!

Bairn, by thy face I will beware;
Like Siren's words, I'll come not near;
My babe and I together will live;
He'll comfort me when cares do grieve.
My babe and I right soft will lie,
And ne'er respect man's crueltye—
Balow, la-low!

Anon. 16th century.

Balow, la-low: pronounced baloo la loo.

41

O, CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS ?

O, can ye sew cushions ?
Or can ye sew sheets ?
And can ye sing ba-lu-loo
When the bairn greets ?
And hee and baw birdie,
And hee and baw lamb,
And hee and baw birdie
My bonnie wee lamb.

Hee O, wee O, what would I do wi' you ?
Black's the life that I lead wi' you ;
Mony o' you, little for to gie you,
Hee O, wee O, what would I do wi' you ?

42

O SAFTLY SLEEP, MY BONNIE BAIRN

O saftly sleep, my bonnie bairn!
Rock'd on this breast o' mine;
The heart that beats sae sair within,
Will not awaken thine.

Lie still, lie still, ye canker'd thoughts!
That such late watches keep;
An' if ye break the mother's heart,
Yet let the baby sleep.

Sleep on, sleep on, my ae, ae bairn!
Nor look sae wae on me,
As if ye felt the bitter tear
That blin's thy mother's e'e.

Dry up, dry up, ye saut, saut tears,
Lest on my bairn ye dreep;
An' break in silence, waefu' heart,
An' let my baby sleep!

Alexander A. Ritchie.

Wae : (woe) sad, woeful.

43

THE LAMENT OF GREGOR MAC GREGOR

(CUMHA GHRIOGAIR MIHC GRIOGAIR)

A lullaby traditionally said to be the composition of the wife of Gregor Mac Gregor, upon hearing that her husband had been judicially murdered.

Early on a Lammas morning,
With my husband I was gay;
But my heart got sorely wounded
Ere the middle of the day.

Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Though I cry, my child, with thee—
Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Now he hears not thee nor me!

Malison on judge and kindred,
They have wrought me mickle woe;
With deceit they came about us,—
Through deceit they laid him low.

Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Though I cry, my child, with thee—
Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Now he hears not thee nor me!

Had they met but twelve Mac Gregors,
With my Gregor at their head,
Now my child had not been orphaned,
Nor these bitter tears been shed.

Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Though I cry, my child, with thee—
Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Now he hears not thee nor me!

OF PENSIVENESS & RUTH
SCOTLAND

LULLABIES

On an oaken block they laid him,
And they spilt his blood around;
I'd have drunk it in a goblet
Largely, ere it reached the ground.

Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Though I cry, my child, with thee—
Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Now he hears not thee nor me!

Would my father then had sickened—
Colin, with the plague been ill;—
Though Ruthven's daughter, in her anguish,
Smote her palms, and cried her fill.

Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Though I cry, my child, with thee—
Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Now he hears not thee nor me!

I could Colin shut in prison,
And black Duncan put in ward,—
Every Campbell now in Balloch,
Bind with handcuffs, close and hard.

Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Though I cry, my child, with thee—
Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Now he hears not thee nor me!

When I reached the plain of Balloch,
 I got there no rest, nor calm;
 But my hair I tore in pieces,—
 Wore the skin from off each palm!

Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
 Though I cry, my child, with thee—
 Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
 Now he hears not thee nor me!

Oh! could I fly up with the skylark—
 Had I Gregor's strength in hand;
 The highest stone that's in yon castle
 Should lie lowest on the land.

Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
 Though I cry, my child, with thee—
 Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
 Now he hears not thee nor me!

Would I saw Finlarig blazing,
 And the smoke of Balloch smelled,
 So that fair, soft-handed Gregor
 In these arms once more I held.

Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
 Though I cry, my child, with thee—
 Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
 Now he hears not thee nor me!

.

Greatly better be with Gregor
In a mantle rude and torn,
Than with little Lowland barons
Where fine silk and lace are worn.

Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Though I cry, my child, with thee—
Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Now he hears not thee nor me!

Though it rained and roared together,
All throughout the stormy day,
Gregor, in a crag, could find me
A kind shelter where to stay.

Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Though I cry, my child, with thee—
Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Now he hears not thee nor me!

Bahu, bahu, little nursling—
Oh! so tender now and weak;
I fear the day will never brighten
When revenge for him you'll seek.

Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Though I cry, my child, with thee—
Ochan, ochan, ochan uiri,
Now he hears not thee nor me!

Thomas Pattison

Balloch: (Bealach).

Ochan uiri: an exclamation of sorrow.

44

YE WOMEN OF THIS GLEN

('MHNÀTHAN A' GHLINNE SO!)

The words of this jingle are from a march on the bagpipes, commemorative of a cattle-raid, and the incident is historically known. It is used as a lullaby in many a Highland home.

O ye women of this glen,
O ye women of this glen,
O ye women of this glen,
Is it not time for you to rise?
'Tis I was up very early,
'Tis I was up very early,
'Tis I was up very early,
For your sake did I rise!

O ye women of this glen,
O ye women of this glen,
O ye women of this glen,
Is it not time for you to rise?
They have slain the cowherd,
They have slain the cowherd,
They have slain the cowherd,
Who was tending the kine.

Frances Tolmie.

(From the Gaelic, orally gathered.)

45

LITTLE DUGALD THE DARK-HAIRED
(DUGHALLAN DUBH.)

When little Dugald was herding in the glen, some cattle-
raiders came along, who, fearing that he might make their
presence and purposes known, were going to silence his
voice for ever by drowning him in a burn, near which
he had gone to hide himself, when his anxious mother
arrived, probably escorted by a band of strong men, and
rescued him.

Lost!

Refrain. Little Dugald the dark-haired,
Little Dugald I am seeking,
Little Dugald the dark-haired.

Dugald of the bushy hair
And locks in ringlets, I am seeking,
Little Dugald the dark-haired,
Little Dugald I am seeking,
Little Dugald the dark-haired.

For the sheep is Dugald searching,
On each side, and up the valley.
Little Dugald the dark-haired,
Little Dugald I am seeking,
Little Dugald the dark-haired.

Dugald climbing and descending,
I see not my dear returning.
Little Dugald the dark-haired,
Little Dugald I am seeking,
Little Dugald the dark-haired.

Never more while I live, shall I
 Allow thee to go and herd the cattle,
 Little Dugald the dark-haired,
 Little Dugald I am seeking,
 Little Dugald the dark-haired.

.

Found!

From the shade of the bank they drew thee,
 While tears o'er thy cheeks were flowing.
 Little Dugald the dark-haired,
 Little Dugald I am seeking,
 Little Dugald the dark-haired.

And from the shelter of the boughs;
 For to harm thee, they were wishing.
 Little Dugald the dark-haired,
 Little Dugald I am seeking,
 Little Dugald the dark-haired.

Little Dugald is in a swoon;
 Beside the fire 'twere best to place him.
 Little Dugald the dark-haired,
 Little Dugald I am seeking,
 Little Dugald the dark-haired.

Frances Tolmie.

*(From the Gaelic, which was orally gathered
 by Martin Mackinnon.)*

46

THE COMIN' O' SLEEP

Oh, was there a bairnie like mine ever seen ?

It's past ten o'clock, an' my claes no in steep;
He looks in my face wi' his bricht laughin' een,
An' shouts oot a hearty defiance at sleep.

He ran oot an' in till the gloamin' cam down,
His face and his hands wad hae fyled ony sweep,
I cleaned him, an' trampit the floor roun' an' roun',
But a' to nae purpose, he'll no fa' asleep.

I've tauld him, I'm certain, a score o' times ower,
"The piggies that gaed to the market" in vain;
His een that I lippen to close only glower,
An' aye he cries—"Mama! the piggies again."

I warn his wee taes, but the bairnie's in grief,
An' sobbin' you'd think his wee heartie would break;
He knuckles his half-closin' een wi' his nief,
An' stares in my face aince again, wide awake.

His een noo they close, noo they open again;
But that, my wee man, was your last drowsy peep;
Though sairly ye focht, it has a' been in vain,
Sae rest ye, my bairnie, fu' sweetly in sleep!

A cart, an' a pownie that wanted the head,
He couldna abide to be oot o' his sicht;
 Nae won'er, he wouldna lie down in his bed,
 But grat in my arms nearly half o' the nicht.

And yet, my wee mannie, what else are we a',
 At last in that mystical darkness sae deep,
 When faces an' voices are fadin' awa',
 But bairnies that greet at the comin' o' sleep.

Laurence James Nicolson.
 (Shetland.)

Fyle: to soil. *Lipfen*: to trust to (momentarily expecting). *Nief*: fist.

III.—OF THE SUN, MOON, & STARS



Hoffner

LADY CAROLINE CAPEL AND CHILD
By permission of the Marquess of Anglesey

47

BABY'S SONG

*(Supposed to be sung by a little girl of seven or eight
years of age)*

Mother is singing the baby to sleep,
So I can do nothing but whisper and creep;
But somehow I don't want to make a noise,
Or even to play with my dearest toys
 When she sings that old song
 I have known so long:
"Hush! my little one, go to sleep,
And mother will give you the moon to keep! "

Isn't it silly? But then, you see,
When I was little she sang it to me;
And somehow I like to hear it again,
For it's warm like the sun, tho' it tinkles like rain—
 Just like the rain
 On the window-pane:
"Hush! my little one; go to sleep,
And mother will give you the moon to keep! "

I watch the golden moon in the tree,
And then I come closer to mother's knee,
Till I almost believe that her song is true,
And I feel as if I were a baby too,
 When I hear that old song
 I have known so long:
"Hush! my little one; go to sleep,
And I will give you the moon to keep! "

Mary R. Pridham.

48

LULLABY, OH, LULLABY

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Stars are up, the moon is peeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
While the birds are silence keeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Christina G. Rossetti.

49

DELIGHTFUL BABE—AH, HUSH!

Delightful babe! to still that tune,
Ah, hush!—this very night I'll wing
The air and catch the white, white moon,
To serve thee for a coral ring!

The stars I'll bring to ornament
Thy lovely neck—Be-ba, be done;
What, moon and stars and not content?
Would'st thou be so, had'st thou the sun?

Joseph Skipsey.

50

SLEEP, SLEEP, LOVELY WHITE SOUL

Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul!
The singing mouse sings plaintively,
The sweet night-bird in the chestnut-tree—
They sing together, bird and mouse,
In starlight, in darkness, lonely, sweet,
The wild notes and the faint notes meet—
Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul!

Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul!
Amid the lilies floats the moth,
The mole along his galleries go'th
In the dark earth; the summer moon
Looks like a shepherd through the pane
Seeking his feeble lamb again—
Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul!

Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul!
Time comes to keep night-watch with thee,
Nodding with roses; and the sea
Saith "Peace! Peace!" amid his foam
White as thy night-clothes; "Oh, be still!"
The wind cries up the whisp'ring hill—
Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul!

Walter de la Mare.

51

KING OF THE CRADLE SLEEP

Bees are resting sugary thighs,
Stars are born as the daylight dies;
Timothy, Timothy, close your eyes!
King of the cradle, sleep!

Night is busy with birds, and spreads
Leafy coverlets over the heads,
Safe in a million starlit beds;
King of the cradle, sleep!

Father is tossing upon the sea,
Timothy rocks at home with me;
Weary of frolic on mother's knee,
King of the cradle, sleep!

God, who hast loved my son all day,
Love him this night, and keep away
Spirits not pure enough to stay
Close to a child asleep!

Norman Gale.

52

MY DARLING BABY, LOVELY ONE

My darling baby, lovely one,
'Tis time that thou to sleep wert gone!
The fiery sun o'er emerald meads
Drops down, and soon to sleep he speeds.
The moon o'er waters blue doth ride,
And sleeping, dreams above the tide.
Upon the shore the waves scarce leap.
Sleep too, my child, mavourneen, sleep!

My darling baby, lovely one,
'Tis time that thou to sleep wert gone!
Where beds of sweetest roses blow,
The morn lies sound asleep, I know.
And brooding low on each dark hill
The evening sleeps, and all is still;
Thou, pretty one, awake dost keep!
Sleep, sleep, my child, mavourneen, sleep!

My darling baby, lovely one,
'Tis time that thou to sleep wert gone!
In rocky caves the sobbing wind
Lies hush'd, and leaves no sound behind.
The little stars forbear to shine,
And pillow'd on soft clouds recline,
But thou, dear heart, awake dost keep.
Sleep, sleep, my child, mavourneen, sleep!

LULLABIES

OF THE SUN, MOON, & STARS IRELAND

My darling baby, lovely one,
'Tis time that thou to sleep wert gone!
The mist sleeps in the vale's embrace,
The wide lake wears a placid face,
And calm beneath the tree's deep shade
Sleeps on, nor is of storms afraid.
Thou, pretty one, awake dost keep,
Sleep then, my child, mavourneen, sleep!

My baby dear, my lovely one,
'Tis time that thou to sleep wert gone.
While dews of night so gently fall,
The flowers are nodding, one and all.
And where the far-off mountains frown,
The sleepy wild birds settle down.
Joy bide with thee, grief far off keep,
Sleep, sleep, my child, mavourneen, sleep!

Octavia G. E. Gosset.
(*Founded on an ancient Song.*)

53

I'VE FOUND MY BONNY BABE A NEST

I've found my bonny babe a nest
 On Slumber Tree;
I'll rock you there to rosy rest,
 Astore machree!
Oh, lulla lo! sing all the leaves
 On Slumber Tree,
Till every thing that hurts or grieves
 Afar must flee!

I'd put my pretty child to float
 Away from me,
Within the new moon's silver boat
 On Slumber Sea;
And when your starry sail is o'er
 From Slumber Sea,
My precious one, you'll step to shore
 On mother's knee.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

54

SHOHEEN SHO, AND A NEW MOON SETTING

Shoheen-sho, and a new Moon setting!
The babe o' my bosom for sleep is fretting.
Wrap her about, my pet, my honey,
In a silken scarf worth a bag o' money.
Shoheen-sho!

Shoheen-sho, in the cradle of willow,
Down o' the wild-swan makes her pillow,
Fleece o' the sheep will keep her cosy,
The little fair dove, the White-and-Rosy,
Shoheen-sho!

Shoheen-sho, and a new Moon gleaming!
Out on the hills the dark is dreaming,
Cross the child against power of Fairy,
In the name of Christ, in the might of Mary,
Shoheen-sho!

Shoheen-sho, and the moon is going!
Sleep till the red and the grey cock crowing,
Call the Sun from over the water,
My Blossom o' Beauty, my golden daughter,
Shoheen-sho!

Alice Furlong.

Shoheen-sho : v. ante 10.

55

SOONTREE

Go sleep, my Blossom of Blossoms, for night is near!
The rose and lily are folded away, my dear;
And thine own mother will warble a hush-song clear
For thee, while thou art awake, her soothing strain to hear.
Husho!

I sing the song of my mother, now dead and blest,
When years ago she would put me herself to rest
In a golden cradle, as high as an eagle's nest,
And rocked by breezes that stole out whispering from the
west.

Husho!

Snow-white the linen as ever a mother spun
To wrap in brightness the form of her darling one,
With a quilt as soft as the down of the cannavaun,
And a star in heaven to hang the rocking cradle on!
Husho!

I lay at ease in my cradle of gold so high,
And watched the star in the dome of the dark-blue sky,
Till faint and fainter it twinkled, and by-and-by
On dreams of heaven I closed my quivering, sleepy eye!
Husho!

Patrick Joseph McCall.

Soontree : v. ante 10.
Cannavaun : bog-flax.

56

DREAM-SONG

Sunlight, moonlight,
Twilight, starlight—
Gloaming at the close of day,
And an owl calling,
Cool dews falling
In a wood of oak and may.

Lantern-light, taper-light,
Torchlight, no-light:
Darkness at the shut of day,
And lions roaring,
Their wrath pouring
In wild waste places far away.

Elf-light, bat-light,
Touchwood-light, toad-light,
And the sea shimmering gloom of grey,
And a small face smiling
In a dream's beguiling,
In a world of wonders far away.

Walter de la Mare.

IV.—OF THE WINDS & THE SEA



Romney

MRS. OLIVER, *nee* SHAKSPEARE
By permission of Sir W. H. Lever

57

REST, REST, THOU GENTLE SEA

Rest, rest, thou gentle sea,
Like a giant laid to sleep,
Rest, rest, when days shall flee,
And the stars their bright watch keep.

For his boat is on the wave,
And he must toil and roam,
Till the flowing tide shall lave
Our dear and happy home.

Wake not, thou changeful sea,
Wake not in wrath and power;
Oh, bear his bark to me,
Ere the darksome midnight lower;

For the heart will heave a sigh,
When the loved one's on the deep,
And when angry storms are nigh,
What can Mary do—but weep?

58

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea!
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one
sleeps!

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one; sleep, my pretty one
sleep.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

59

THE FISHER-BABE'S CRADLE SONG

Sleep, child, sleep, for thy lulling shall be
The voice of the wind and the beat of the sea!

Past yon strip
Of pebble and sand,
The waves rise and dip,
And rush to the land.
White caps in the bay,
White breakers on shore,
And the mist finds its way
To the fisherman's door.

Oh, sleep, child, sleep, for thy lulling shall be
The voice of the wind and the beat of the sea!

The mist from the east
Comes wreathed as a cloud;
It hangs chill on my breast
Like a sea-farer's shroud.
O mist, hast thou seen
A herring-boat's sail?
She went hence but yestreen
While the gloaming was pale.

Oh, sleep, child, sleep, for thy lulling shall be
The voice of the wind and the beat of the sea!

She sprang like a shaft
That is sped from a bow,
And loud the bairns laughed,
Wading deep in surf snow.
But the skipper, my Jim,
At the helm up stood he,
And my heart sailed with him
O'er the glistening sea.

Then sleep, child, sleep, for to-night's lullaby
Is a prayer, and a hope, and a tear, and a sigh!

Lady Lindsay.

60

THE WIND WHISTLED LOUD AT THE
WINDOW-PANE

The wind whistled loud at the window-pane,—
“ Go away, wind, and let me sleep!
Ruffle the green grass billowy plain,
Ruffle the billowy deep! ”
“ Hush-a-bye, hush! the wind is fled,
The wind cannot ruffle the soft smooth bed,—
Hush thee, darling, sleep! ”

The ivy tapped at the window-pane,—
“ Silence, ivy! and let me sleep!
Why do you patter like drops of rain,
And then play creepity-creep? ”
“ Hush-a bye, hush! the leaves shall lie still,
The moon is still walking over the hill,—
Hush thee, darling, sleep! ”

A dream-show rode on a moonbeam white,—
“ Go away, dreams, and let me sleep!
The show may be gay and golden and bright,
But I do not care to peep,”
“ Hush-a-bye, hush! the dream is fled,
A shining angel guards the bed,
Hush thee, darling, sleep! ”

William Brighty Rands

61

THE SAILOR'S WIFE'S LULLABY

Sh! leela-lulla, baby love,—
Dad's ship a-sail I see;
Sh! leela-lulla, baby love,—
Thy Dad, on board is he!
Sh! leela-lulla, baby love,—
For now a fair wind blows,
Sh! leela-lulla, baby love,—
To get the food he goes!

Jennett Humphreys.

62

THE SMUGGLER'S WIFE TO HER CHILD

Hush-a-bye baby, down by the sea,
The ship is a-waiting for you and for me,
For you and for me;
To take us to Bristol or Barnstaple Bay,
Where prizes are for us by night and by day,
By night and by day!

*(Orally gathered by Marie Trevelyan in the
Vale of Glamorgan.)*

63

ANGEL'S CARE

Angels guard around thee keep,
Balmy dew thine eyelids steep,
Zephyrs from the ocean deep
 Gently blow,
 Soft and low,
Fan my darling babe to sleep;
 Lullaby!
 Do not cry,
Lest thou make thy mother weep!

Now the sun is in the west,
Little birds are in the nest,
Little lambs have gone to rest,
 From the wold
 To the fold
Where the wolf may not molest;
 Lullaby!
 Baby, lie
Folded in thy mother's breast!

When the lark doth fill the skies
With his heavenly melodies,
And the daisies ope their eyes,
 Open thine,
 Baby mine:
When at morn I bid thee rise,
 Thou shalt play
 All the day
In thy golden paradise!

W. H. Gill.

64

OH! FATHER'S AT THE SEA, LITTLE
BABY MINE

Oh! father's at the sea, little baby mine,
Oh! father's at the sea, little baby mine;
And you are all I've got, here a sleepin' in your cot,
Such a blessed little dot, little baby mine!

Oh, he's never seen you yet, little baby mine,
Oh, he's never seen you yet, little baby mine;
And you are all I've got, here a-sleepin' in your cot,
Such a blessed little dot, little baby mine!

But when he comes at last, little baby mine,
Oh, when he comes at last, little baby mine,
I'll hide you here in bed— Oh, the pretty little
head!
And nothing'll be said, little baby mine!

Then I'll turn down the sheet, little baby mine;
Oh! I'll turn down the sheet, little baby mine;
The sheet as white as snow, with a ho! ho! ho! ho!
And then I'll let him know, little baby mine!

And then you'll laugh and coo, little baby mine,
And then you'll laugh and coo, little baby mine;
And then he'll say, "What's this?" and likely,
 " Not amiss,"
And then he'll kiss and kiss little baby mine!

And you as good as gold, little baby mine,
Oh, you as good as gold, little baby mine;
O howling, howling sea, as quick as quick can be,
Send my Billy back to me and to this baby mine!

Thomas Edward Brown.

65

THE CRADLE OF GOLD

I'd rock my own sweet Childie to rest
 In a cradle of gold on the bough of the willow,
 To the shoheen ho! of the wind of the west,
 And the lulla lo! of the blue sea billow.
 Sleep, baby dear!
 Sleep without fear!
 Mother is here beside your pillow!

I'd put my own sweet Childie to float
 In a silver boat on the beautiful river,
 Where a shoheen! whisper the white cascades,
 And a lulla lo! the green flags shiver!
 Sleep, baby dear!
 Sleep without fear!
 Mother is here with you for ever!

Shoheen ho! to the rise and fall
 Of Mother's bosom, 'tis sleep has bound you!
 And oh, my child, what cosier nest
 For rosier rest could love have found you?
 Sleep, baby dear!
 Sleep without fear!
 Mother's two arms are close around you!

Alfred Perceval Graves.

Shoheen ho: v. ante 10.

66

MOTHER'S JOY

Sleep, sweet birdiekin,
In the nest, mother's breast,
Silk soft for birdiekin,
With wind in the East,
Husho, birdiekin,
Sleep away another day;
Much too cold for birdiekin
Is East-wind day!

Sleep soft, leafiekin,
Softly curl, nor unfurl
Silk sheath for leafiekin
Of pink and pearl!
Husho, leafiekin,
Nor unclose, baby rose,
Much too harsh for leafiekin,
East wind blows!

Creep close, lammiekin,
Nestle, hide by mother's side,
Till up-spring for lammiekin
Daisies pied!
Husho, lammiekin,
Safe in fold from out the cold,
Till South wind for lammiekin
Her wings unfold!

LULLABIES

OF THE WINDS & THE SEA
IRELAND

Husho, babiikin,
Mother's joy, Father's boy,
Pearl of price is babiikin,
And winds are keen!
Dream, sweet, babiikin,
Golden head on rosy bed,
Over sleepy babiikin
Angels lean!

Katherine Tynan Hinkson.

67

BALOO LOO, LAMMIE, NOW BALOO, MY DEAR

Baloo loo, lammie, now baloo, my dear;
Now, baloo loo, lammie's ain minnie is here;
What ails my sweet bairnie? What ails it this nicht?
What ails my wee lammie? Is bairnie no richt?

Baloo loo, lammie, now baloo, my dear!
Does wee lammie ken that it's daddie's no here?
Ye're rockin' fu' sweetly on mammie's warm knee,
But daddie's a-rockin' upon the saut sea!

Now, hush-a-ba, lammie now, hush-a, my dear;
Now, hush-a-ba, lammie's ain minnie is here;
The wild wind is ravin', an' minnie's heart's sair,
The wild wind is ravin', and ye dinna care!

Sing baloo loo, lammie, sing baloo, my dear;
Sing baloo loo, lammie's ain minnie is here;
My wee bairnie's dozin', it's dozin' now fine,
And oh! may its wauk'nin' be blyther than mine!

Carolina, Lady Nairne.

68

BALOO! MY BONNIE LAMMIE

Baloo! my bonnie lammie,
 An' I'll sing you a bit sang;
 An' I'll tak' tent, my hinnie,
 That naething sall you wrang.
 That wee bit bed is saft an' warm,
 Your wee bit bed is saft an' warm,
 For it was made by me,
 An' ye are lyin' safe frae harm,
 Aneath a mither's e'e!

Baloo! my sweet wee dawtie,
 This is your time o' spring,
 When a' is sweet, an' fresh an' pure,—
 Nae guilt the heart to sting.
 Oh, lang in innocence remain,
 An' safe at hame abide;
 An' still uphold by virtuous deeds
 A mither's honest pride!

Sleep soun' my winsome laddie,
 Your daddie's on the sea—
 He's toilin' late an' early
 For bread for you an' me.
 Hale nights I lie an' listen
 Wi' feelin's lane an' drear;
 An' when I hear the risin' storm
 I'm like to swarf wi' fear!

OF THE WINDS & THE SEA
SCOTLAND

LULLABIES

But while the win's are whistlin'
Wi' wild and eerie tune,
For my dear Jamie's safety
I look to Ane aboon.
For He can calm the stormy win'
An' still the ragin' sea,
An' bring again my dear gude-man
To my sweet bairn and me!

Tent : care.

Darvie : darling.

Swarf : swoon.

69

BALOO, BALOO, MY WEE WEE THING

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
 Oh, saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!
 Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
 For thou art doubly dear to me.
 Thy daddie now is far awa,
 A sailor laddie o'er the sea;
 But Hope aye hechts his safe return
 To you, my bonnie lamb, an' me!

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
 Oh, saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!
 Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
 For thou art doubly dear to me.
 Thy face is simple, sweet, an' mild,
 Like ony simmer e'ening fa';
 Thy sparklin' e'e is bonnie black,
 Thy neck is like the winter snaw!

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
 Oh, saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!
 Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
 For thou art doubly dear to me.
 Oh, but thy daddie's absence lang
 Might break my dowie heart in twa,
 Wert thou na left a dawtit pledge,
 To steel the cerie hour awa'!

*Richard Gall.**Hechts* : promises.*Dowie* : worn with grief.*Dawtit* : cherished

70

EAST COAST LULLABY

Day has barred her windows close, and gangs wi' quiet
feet;

Nicht, wrapt in coat o' grey, steals softly doon the street;
Birdies deep in feathered nest bid the world adieu—
Lullaby and lullaloo; sleep, lammie, noo!

One by one the glimmerin' een about the harbour dark,
Wink and blink an' fa' to gloom; scarce is left a spark.
Ne'er a thing but wind and waves'll moan the lang nicht
through—

Lullaby and lullaloo; sleep, lammie, noo!

Frae the sea the wind blaws wild like a pibroch shrill;
Grant the Lord there's naucht to fear, naucht o' wae
or ill!

When ye're grown my heart'll ache, sonnie, jist for you—
Lullaby and lullaloo; sleep, lammie, noo!

Will ye sail awa' at dawn, to net the herrin' fine?
Will ye track the monster whale yon where north-lichts
shine?

Mither-heart's a bonnie star, steady, clear, and true—
Lullaby and lullaloo; sleep, lammie, noo!

Lady Lindsay.

Wae: v. ante 42.

71

THE HUSHING SONG

Eilidh Eilidh,
My bonnie wee lass,
The winds blow,
And the hours pass!

But never a wind
Can do thee wrong,
Brown Birdeen, singing
Thy bird-heart song!

And never an hour
But has for thee
Blue of the heaven
And green of the sea.

Blue for the hope of thee,
Eilidh, Eilidh!
Green for the joy of thee,
Eilidh, Eilidh!

Swing in thy nest, then,
Here on my heart,
Birdeen, Birdeen,
Here on my heart!
Here on my heart!

"Fiona Macleod"
(*William Sharp*).

Eilidh : Gaelic for Helen (pronounced Eily).

72

THE BABY-REIVER'S CROON

Ba, ba, my lammie—
 Into sleep nod ye,
 Daintily, quietly,
Into fine dreaming
 Glide ye, glide ye—
Ba, ba, ba, my lammie!

There are treasures for my lammie in the dream,
 Meat and drink and music,
 Meat and drink and music,
Heather-honey, Hallows'-crowdie, curds, and cream,
Spanish wine in silver goblets like a stream,
Lulling croons and thrilling harpers—won't you
 beam!—
 Meat and drink and music,
 Meat and drink and music!

There is growing for my lammie in his sleep,
 Blood and bone and muscle,
 Blood and bone and muscle;
There is reiving for my lammie in his sleep,
 Wind and sea and tussle,
 Wind and sea and tussle;
Pinewood ships with silver masts and silken peak,
Golden rudders, sturdy lads that love the deep,
 Wind and sea and tussle,
 Wind and sea and tussle!

LULLABIES

OF THE WINDS & THE SEA THE HEBRIDES (ISLE OF EGG)

Ba, ba, my lammie—
Into sleep nod ye,
Daintily, quietly,
Into fine dreaming
Glide ye, glide ye—
Ba, ba, ba, my lammie.

Kenneth Macleod.

(From the Gaelic, orally gathered.)

Reiver : robber.

Crowdie : a mixture of cream and oatmeal, a favourite Hallowe'en dish

73

A SEA-WIDOWHOOD CROON

Sung to the baby-heir of Harris by his mother. (The father had gone forth to the sea-reiving, but not to return.)

Baloo, my child, baloo, nor weep,
Blithely grows who grows in sleep—
Cakiran-oo baloo ye!

Heirs my babe-son all our braves
Who lie to-night in cool sea-graves—
Cakiran-oo baloo ye!

Child, thou'lt reive, and rover be
From Northland shores to Erin's sea.
Cakiran-oo baloo ye!

Sure, thou'lt find some lady fair,
And, sure, she'll find—this heart o' care!—
Cakiran-oo baloo ye!

Wound o' me! who weds the sea
Shall wed a weird she soon must dree—
Cakiran-oo baloo ye!
Baloo, baloo, baloo ye!

Kenneth Macleod.

(From the Gaelic, orally gathered.)

Reiving : v. ante 72.

Cakiran-oo (*Cagaran thu*) : darling thou.

Weird : fate or destiny.

Dree : bear, suffer.

74

THE SEA-BURDEN CROON

The mist, the drift,
 The mist, the mist!
 Black the night and high the wind, little babe, on
 the sea—
 The mist, the drift,
 The mist, the mist!
 Fights the ship with the waves, sail nor rudder has she,
 In the mist, in the drift,
 In the mist, in the mist!
 Rocks beneath, gusts above, all the dangers that be—
 The mist, the drift,
 The mist, the mist!
 King o' Grace, save our men, be they under Thy lee,
 In the mist, in the drift,
 In the mist, in the mist!
 To thy sleep, little child, saileth Christ on the sea,
 In the mist, in the drift,
 In the mist, in the mist!

Kenneth Macleod.

(From the Gaelic, orally gathered.)

75

THE MERMAID'S CROON

(CRONAN NA MAIGHDINN-MHARA)

Dear one, sleep
'Neath the waves on the leap,
On the sands o' the deep,
A-dreaming in foam-mist—
 Ho, wee lassie,
 Hey, wee lassie!
Mo nean doo, dark wee Gold-Heart!

Swans will glide,
And seals, by thy side,
Sacred birds o' the tide
Will guard thee from rovers—
 Ho, wee lassie,
 Hey, wee lassie!
Mo nean doo, dark wee Gold-Heart!

Kenneth Macleod.
(From the Gaelic, orally gathered
by Kenneth Macleod.)

Mo nean doo (mo nighcan dubh) : my maiden dark.
Sacred birds : certain birds (e.g., the mallard, "St. Mary's sca duck") are held sacred in The Isles.

76

AN ERISKAY LULLABY

(TALADH EIRISGEACH)

Horo, lady wee, horo eile!
My babe, on a curling green wave,
Be thy cradling.
While the seagull and swan
For the curach are caring,
With his nets from the bay,
Will thy father be faring.

Marjory Kennedy-Fraser.
(From the Gaelic, orally gathered
by Kenneth MacLeod.)

Horo eile : common chorus words of no meaning.
Curach : a boat or coracle.

77

HUSHYBA, MY CURRY TING

Hushyba, my curry ting,
Cuddle close to mammie;
Cuddle close and hear me sing,
Pecrie mootie lammie.
Glancin' goold and siller shells
Fae da mermaid's dwellin',
Bonnie flo'ers fae fairy dells,
Past a' mortal tellin';
Wha, oh, wha sall get but de,
Hert o' my hert, life o' me.

Saftly, saftly, hümin' grey
O'er da sea is creepin',
An' its nedder nicht nor day,
Waukin' time, nor sleepin';
But da waves upo' da shore
Whisper till my lammie
Doun da lum, an' troo da door;
Cuddle close to mammie.
Cosier du couldna be—
Hert o' my hert, life o' me!

LULLABIES

OF THE WINDS & THE SEA
SHETLAND

Bonnie blue een blinkin' fast,
 Peeric mootie lammie;
 Sleep has ta'en de noo at last,
 Cuddlin' close to mammie.
 Blissens be attendin' de,
 Happy be dy wakin',
 For wir ain comes fae da sea,
 Whin da day is breakin'.
 Daybreak, licht o' hame is he—
 Hert o' my hert, life o' me!

Laurence James Nicolson.

Curry : neat, bonnie, lovable.
Peeric mootie : very small; tiny thing.
Fae : from.
Wha : *v. ante*, 24.

Hūmin : twilight.
Till : to.
Lum : chimney.
W'ir ain : our own.

78

THE CHILD LULLS HIMSELF TO SLEEP

“Hide and seek,” says the Wind
In the shade of the woods;
“Hide and seek,” says the Moon
To the hazel buds;
“Hide and seek,” says the Cloud,
Star on to star;
“Hide and seek,” says the Wave
At the harbour bar;
“Hide and seek,” say I
To myself, and step
Out of the dream of Wake
Into the dream of Sleep!

Walter de la Mare.

V.—OF BIRDS



Thomas Faed, R.A.

WHEN THE DAY'S WORK IS DONE
Glasgow Gallery

Arner & Sons, photo

79

THE CHILD AND THE BIRD, AS THEY SINK
TO REST ARE AS LIKE AS ANY TWAIN

How like a tender mother,
With loving thoughts beguiled,
Fond Nature seems to lull to rest
Each faint and weary child.
Drawing the curtain tenderly,
Affectionate and mild!

Hark! to the gentle lullaby,
That through the trees is creeping,
Those sleepy trees that nod their heads,
Ere the moon as yet comes peeping,
Like a tender nurse, to see if all
Her little ones are sleeping!

One little flutt'ring bird,
Like a child in a dream of pain,
Has chirp'd and started up,
Then nestled down again,
Oh! a child and a bird, as they sink to rest,
Are as like as any twain!

Charlotte Young.

80

LULLABY, LILYBROW

The rook's nest do rock on the tree-top,
Where vew foes can stand;
The martin's is high, an' is deep
In the steep cliff o' sand.
But thou, love, a-sleepen where vootsteps
Mid come to thy bed,
Hast father an' mother to watch thee
An' shelter thy head.
Lullaby, Lilybrow. Lie asleep;
Blest be thy rest!

An' zome birds do keep under ruffen
Their young vrom the storm,
An' zome wi' nest-hoodens o' moss
An' o' wool, do lie warm.
An' we wull look well to the house-ruf
That o'er thee mid leäk,
An' the blast that mid beat on thy winder
Shall not smite thy cheäk.
Lullaby, Lilybrow. Lie asleep;
Blest be thy rest!

William Barnes.

Ruffen: roofing.

Nest-hoodens: nest-hoods.

81

THE BLACKBIRD, THE LARK, AND THE
SWALLOW

(ARRANE Y CLEAN)

In the Glion of Balla Comish
The Lhon-dhoo will build her nest.
Sleep thou, my baby,
Sleep thou, my baby,
Sleep thou, my baby,
And thou'll get the birdie.

By Droghad Cubbon, Awin Colby,
The Ushag Happagh builds her nest,
Sleep thou, my baby,
Sleep thou, my baby,
Sleep thou, my baby,
And thou'll get the birdie.

In the scraas of Mullyn Colcheragh
The Gollan Geayee will build her nest.
Sleep thou, my baby,
Sleep thou, my baby,
Sleep thou, my baby,
And thou'll get the birdie.

Contributed by *W. Cubbon*.*Arrane y clean* : The Cradle Song.*Glion of Balla Comish* : the bailey
or holding of the ancient family
of Comish.*Lhon-dhoo* : the blackbird.*Droghad Cubbon* : Cubbon's bridge.*Awin Colby* : Colby river.*Ushag happagh* : the lark, i.e., the 'tufted bird.'*Scraas* : sods comprising part of
the roof.*Mullyn* : mill.*Colcheragh* : an old family name,
now spelt Qualtrough.*Gollan-Geayee* : swallow (forked
one of the wind).

82

LITTLE RED BIRD.

(USHAG VEG RUY)

CHILD.

Little red bird of the black turf ground,
Of the black turf ground,
Of the black turf ground,
Little red bird of the black turf ground,
Where did you sleep last night?

BIRD.

I slept last night on the top of the briar,
On the top of the briar,
On the top of the briar,
I slept last night on the top of the briar,
And oh! what a wretched sleep!

CHILD.

Little red bird of the black turf ground,
Of the black turf ground,
Of the black turf ground,
Little red bird of the black turf ground,
Where did you sleep last night?

BIRD.

I slept last night on the top of the bush,
On the top of the bush,
On the top of the bush,
I slept last night on the top of the bush,
And oh! what a wretched sleep!

CHILD.

Little red bird of the black turf ground,
Of the black turf ground,
Of the black turf ground,
Little red bird of the black turf ground,
Where did you sleep last night?

BIRD.

I slept last night on the ridge of the roof,
On the ridge of the roof,
On the ridge of the roof,
I slept last night on the ridge of the roof,
And oh! what a wretched sleep!

CHILD.

Little red bird of the black turf ground,
Of the black turf ground,
Of the black turf ground,
Little red bird of the black turf ground,
Where did you sleep last night?

BIRD.

I slept last night between two green leaves,
As a babe 'twixt two blankets, quite at ease,
As a babe 'twixt two blankets, quite at ease,
And oh! what a peaceful sleep!

83

ROCK THEE, O CHILD!

(SIUD A LEINIBH)

Rock thee, O child, swing, thou dear!
Rock thee, O child, swing, thou dear!
Rock thee, O child, swing, thou dear,
Ere the birds begin chirping thou wilt call.

Thou wilt cry ere the cock shall crow,
Thou wilt cry ere the birds shall sing.
Rock thee, O child, swing, thou dear,
Ere the birds begin chirping thou wilt call.

Francis Tolmie.

(From the Gaelic, orally gathered.)

84

THE BRETHREN THREE

"We'll aff tae the wids," says Tosie Mosie.

"We'll aff tae the wids," says Johnie Red Hosie.

"We'll aff tae the wids," says Wise Willie.

"We'll aff tae the wids," say the brethren three.

"Whit tae du there?" says Tosie Mosie.

"Whit tae du there?" says Johnie Red Hosie.

"Whit tae du there?" says Wise Willie.

"Whit tae du there?" say the brethren three.

"Tae shut the wirrin," says Tosie Mosie.

"Tae shut the wirrin," says Johnie Red Hosie.

"Tae shut the wirrin," says Wise Willie.

"Tae shut the wirrin," say the brethren three.

"Hoo will we tak him hame?" says Tosie Mosie.

"Hoo will we tak him hame?" says Johnie Red Hosie.

"Hoo will we tak him hame?" says Wise Willie.

"Hoo will we tak him hame?" say the brethren three.

"In a cairt or a waggon," says Tosie Mosie.

"In a cairt or a waggon," says Johnie Red Hosie.

"In a cairt or a waggon," says Wise Willie.

"In a cairt or a waggon," say the brethren three.

"Whit will we boil him in?" says Tosie Mosie.
"Whit will we boil him in?" says Johnie Red Hosie.
"Whit will we boil him in?" says Wise Willie.
"Whit will we boil him in?" say the brethren three.

"In pot and in pan," says Tosie Mosie.
"In pot and in pan," says Johnie Red Hosie.
"In pot and in pan," says Wise Willie.
"In pot and in pan," say the brethren three.

"Whit will we du wi' his banes?" says Tosie Mosie.
"Whit will we du wi' his banes?" says Johnie Red Hosie.
"Whit will we du wi' his banes?" says Wise Willie.
"Whit will we du wi' his banes?" say the brethren three.

"Bury them in the land," says Tosie Mosie.
"Bury them in the land," says Johnie Red Hosie.
"Bury them in the land," says Wise Willie.
"Bury them in the land," say the brethren three.

"They'll brak men's pleughs," says Tosie Mosie.
"They'll brak men's pleughs," says Johnie Red Hosie.
"They'll brak men's pleughs," says Wise Willie.
"They'll brak men's pleughs," say the brethren three.

"Cast them into the sea," says Tosie Mosie.
"Cast them into the sea," says Johnie Red Hosie.
"Cast them into the sea," says Wise Willie.
"Cast them into the sea," say the brethren three.

"They'll grow into great rocks," says Tosie Mosie.
"They'll grow into great rocks," says Johnie Red Hosie.
"They'll grow into great rocks," says Wise Willie.
"They'll grow into great rocks," say the brethren three.

"They'll wrack ships and boats," says Tosie Mosie.
"They'll wrack ships and boats," says Johnie Red Hosie.
"They'll wrack ships and boats," says Wise Willie.
"They'll wrack ships and boats," say the brethren three.

"We'll burn them in the fire," says Tosie Mosie.
"We'll burn them in the fire," says Johnie Red Hosie.
"We'll burn them in the fire," says Wise Willie.
"We'll burn them in the fire," say the brethren three.

(Orally gathered by John Frith.)

Wids: woods. *Whit*: what. *Shut the wirrin*: shoot the wren.

85

THE STRAW CRADLE

(CLEAN SUGGANE)

Sweetly sings the black Jackdaw
In her little nest of straw,
All alone in frost and thaw,
Sings her never-ending 'caw'!
'Tis the sweetest song she knows,
Like a little stream it flows—
Louder and louder still it grows;
And all for little Baby!

So the mother, when she saw
Baby in her bed of straw
Listen to the black Jackdaw,
While the wind blew cold and raw,
Sang the sweetest song she knew—
Louder and louder still it grew,
Till at last to Heaven it flew,
That prayer for little Baby!

W. H. Gill.

VI.—OF BOGIES



Reynolds

CHARITY

W. A. Mansell & Co., photo

86

SHADOW MARCH

All round the house is the jet-black night;
It stares through the window-pane;
It crawls in the corners, hiding from the light,
And it moves with the moving flame.

Now my little heart goes a-beating like a drum,
With the breath of the Bogie in my hair;
And all round the candle the crooked shadows come
And go marching along up the stair.

The shadow of the balusters, the shadow of the lamp,
The shadow of the child that goes to bed—
All the wicked shadows coming, tramp, tramp, tramp,
With the black night overhead.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

87

THE COLLIER'S WIFE'S LULLABY

Oh sleep, my little baby, thou
Wilt wake thy father with thy cries,
And he into the pit must go
Before the sun begins to rise.

He'll toil for thee the whole day long,
And when the weary work is o'er,
He'll whistle thee a merry song,
And drive the bogies from the door.

Joseph Skipsey.

88

HUSH YE, HUSH YE, LITTLE PET YE

Sir Walter Scott describes how the Castle of Roxburgh was taken from the English by Black Douglas and his soldiers.* "The name of Douglas had become so terrible to the English, that the women used to frighten the children with it, and say when they behaved ill, that they would make Black Douglas take them." An English woman, the wife of one of the officers, was sitting on the battlements lulling her child with the following song when a voice behind her said, "You are not so sure of that." "She felt at the same time a heavy hand, with an iron glove, laid on her shoulder, and when she looked round, she saw the very Black Douglas she had been singing about. . . . A tall, swarthy, strong man." The sentinel was overpowered and the Castle taken. Many of the English were put to death, but Douglas protected the mother and her child. Sir Walter adds "I daresay she made no more songs about Black Douglas."

Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye.

* See *Tales of a Grandfather*, chap. 9.

89

A CAVALIER HUSHING SONG

Baby, baby, naughty baby,
Hush! you squalling thing, I say;
Peace this instant! peace, or maybe
Black Old Noll will pass this way.

Baby, baby, he's a giant,
Tall and big as Lincoln's steeple,
Breakfasts, dines, and sups (rely on 't)
Every day on naughty people.

Baby, baby, if he hear you,
As he gallops by the house,
Limb from limb at once he'll tear you,
Just as pussy tears a mouse.

And he'll beat you, beat you, beat you,
And he'll beat you all to pap;
And he'll eat you, eat you, eat you,
Gobble you, gobble you—snap, snap, snap.

Black Old Noll: Oliver Cromwell.

90

NEECE THE RAPPAREE

(1720)

Saw ye Neece O'Hagan,
 By Moylena's Banks,
 With his matchlock in his hand,
 Foam on Rory's flanks?
 Child dear! child dear!
 'Twixt the night and day,
 Neece will come with all his men
 And carry you away!

If you do not shut your eyes
 And sleep, mo phaistin fionn,
 If you do not keep the sighs
 Locked your lips within,
 When your cradle-song I sing,
 Hushing to and fro—
 Neece will knock at mother's door,
 And off my Dear must go!

He will take you to his cave
 Far down the Glen,
 You will miss your mother's arms
 Among the roving men.
 Whist, whist, a stor mo chroidhe,
 Closer, closer creep—
 O Neece, go by nor stop to-night,
 For my Dear's asleep!

*Ethna Carbery.**(Mrs. Seumas MacManus.)**Rapparee*: a plunderer.*Mo phaistin fionn* (pronounce *mo fashteen fiuu*): my fair baby, my fair little child.*A stor mo chroidhe* (pronounce *astore ma chree*): my heart's treasure.

91

JENNY WI' THE AIRN TEETH

What a plague is this o' mine, winna steek his e'e,
Though I hap him owre the head as cosie as can be.
Sleep! an' let me to my wark, a' they claes to airn;
Jenny wi' the airn teeth, come an' tak' the bairn.

Tak' him to your ain den, where the bowgie bides;
But first put baith your big teeth in his wee plump sides;
Gie your auld grey pow a shake, rive him frae my grup—
Tak' him where nae kiss is gaun when he waukens up!

Whatna noise is that I hear comin' doon the street?
Well I ken the dump-dump o' her beetle feet.
Mercy me, she's at the door, hear her lift the sneek;
Whist', an' cuddle mammy noo closer roun' the neck!

Jenny wi' the airn teeth, the bairn has aff his claes,
Sleepin' safe an' soun', I think—dinna touch his taes;
Sleepin' weans are no for you; ye may turn about
An' tak awa' wee Tam next door—I hear him screichin' oot!

Dump, dump, awa' she gangs back the road she cam';
I hear her at the ither door, speirin' after Tam.
He's a crabbit, greetin' thing, the warst in a' the toun;
Little like my ain wee man—Losh, he's sleepin' soun'!

Mithers hae an' awfu' wark wi' their bairns at night—
Chappin' on the chair wi''tangs to gie the rogues a fricht.
Aulder weans are fley'd wi' less, weel aneuch, we ken—
Bigger bowgies, bigger Jennies, frichten muckle men!

Alexander Anderson.

Airn: iron. *Steek*: (stitch) shut. *Hap*: wrap, cover.
Beetle: a heavy wooden mallet or hammer.
Sneek: latch. *Speirin'*: asking. *Greeting*: crying. *Fleyed*: scared.

THE WEE CROODLIN' DOO

Will ye no fa' asleep the nicht,
 Ye restless little loun?
 The sun has lang been oot o' sicht,
 An' gloamin's dark'nin' doon.
 There's claes to mend, the house to clean—
 This nicht I'll no win through,
 An' yet ye winna close yer een—
 Ye wee croodlin' doo!

Spurrin' wi yer restless feet,
 My very legs are sair,
 Clautin' wi' yer buffy hands,
 Touslin' mammy's hair.
 I've gi'en ye meat wi' sugar sweet,
 Yer little crappie's fu';
 Cuddle doon, ye stourie loun—
 Ye wee croodlin' doo!

Now, hushaba, my little pet,
 Ye've a' the warld can gi'e;
 Ye're just yer manimy's lammie yet,
 An' daddy's ae e'e.
 Will ye never close yer een?
 There's the bogle-boo!
 Ye dinna care a single preen,
 Ye wee croodlin' doo!

Twistin' roun' an' roun' again,
 Warslin' aff my lap,
 An' pussy on the hearthstane,
 As sound as ony tap;

Dickie birdie gane to rest—
A' asleep but you,
Nestle into mammy's breast,
Ye wee croodlin' doo!

Happit cosy, trig, an' sweet,
Fifty bairns are waur,
An' ye'se get fotties for yer feet
At the Big Bazaar.
An' ye shall hae a hoodie braw
To busk yer bonnie broo,
"Cockle shells an' silver bells,"
My wee croodlin' doo!

Gude be praised, the battle's by,
An' sleep has won at last,
How still the puddlin' feetie lie,
The buffy hands at rest!
An' saftly fa's the silken fringe
Aboon thy een o' blue;
Blessins on my bonnie bairn—
My wee croodlin' doo!

James Thomson.

Croodlin' doo: cooing dove.

Lonn: boy.

Win through: to get through.

Clautlin': raking or groping with open fingers.

Buffy: fat.

Toustin: dishevelled.

Crappie's fu': crop is full (like the crop of a chicken).

Stouring: stirring.

Preen: pin.

Warstin': wrestling, striving.

Trig: neat, trim.

Fotties: footies (foot-gear).

Broo: brow.

JENNY WI' THE LANG POCK

Jenny wi' the lang pock,
 Haste ye owre the main,
 Lampin' wi' yer lang legs,
 Plashin' through the rain;
 Here's a waukrife laddie
 Winna steek his e'e;
 Pit him in yer lang pock,
 An' dook him in the sea.

Oh, dear me! whan'll Jenny come?
 Wheest! I think I hear her cryin' doun the lum;
 Fyc, awa', Jenny, we dinna want ye here—
 A' the bairns are in their beds—a' but Jamie dear!

Gudesake! noo I hear her!
 There she's on the stair,
 Sapples o' the sea-bree
 Stickin' in her hair,
 Hushions on her bare legs,
 Bauchels on her feet,
 Seekin' waukrife bairnies
 Up an' doun the street!

Oh, losh me! there she's at the sneck,
 Stoitin' owre the stair-heid—may she break her neck!
 Cuddle doun fu' cosy—that's my ain wee lamb;
 Dinna spurtle wi' yer feet, or ye'll wauken Tam!

Jenny's nae awa' yet,
Sae ye mauna greet;
There she's on the door-mat
Scufflin' wi' her feet,
Wabblin' wi' her lang legs,
Sneevlin' through her nose,
Hirslin' wi' her lang pock—
Aff Jenny goes.

Oh, losh me! there she's back again,
Listenin' wi' her lang lugs for a greetin' wean;
Fye, gae bar the door, Jean, an' thraw about the key—
Na, na, she winna get ye, pet, ye're ower dear to me.

Whaur's the body gaun noo?
Up the ither stair,
At oor neebor's door she's
Tirlin', I declare!
Cryin' through the keyhole,
Like a roupit sheep,
“Hae ye ony weans here
Winna fa' asleep?”

Oh, losh me! hae they let her in?
Wha's that sprechin', makin' sic a din?
No oor Jamie, for he's sleepin' soun',
Like a bonny rose-bud in the month o' June.

Jenny wi' the lang pock,
Ye may tak the road,
A' the bairns are safe noo
In the lan' o' nod;
Losh! can that be John's fit
Comin' up the stair?
No ae bit o' supper yet
Ready, I declare!

Oh, dear me! rest for me there's nane,
 Pity on the mither that's plagued wi' sic a wean;
 Yet at him the very cat daurna wink an e'e,
 For he's the darlin' o' my heart, an' a' the warl' to me!

James Nicholson.

- Lampin'*: walking with long stride. *Sneck*: *v. ante*, 91.
Waukrife: wakeful. *Stoilin'*: staggering.
Steek: *v. ante*, 91. *Spurtle*: Stir about.
Dook: dip. *Greet*: weep, *v. ante*, 91.
Lum: *v. ante*, 77. *Hirslin'*: creeping.
Fye: an exclamation of haste. *Lugs*: ears.
Sapples: foam. *Thraw*: twist.
Sea bree: salt water. *Tirlin'*: ringing (lit rattling at the bell).
Hushions: stockings without feet. *Roufil*: hoarse.
Bauchels: old worn shoes. *Sprechin'*: speaking noisily.

THE BOWGIE O' THE LUM

My bairnies, noo, it's time for bed; guid-nicht to dinsome
play,
Come roun' my knee an' rest yoursel's, you've rompit a'
the day;
Frae morn to noon, and noon to nicht, thro' sunshine and
thro' rain,
Your steer is like to fell the hoose, and turn my very
brain;
While sings the kettle on the crook to pussy's cheerfu'
thrum,
I'll tell you o' a little man, the Bowgie o' the Lum!

Tho' hardly bigger than the ba' ye bounce upon the green,
He has a score o' cockin' lugs and half a hunner een!
And owre his humpy-dumpy back hangs—danglin' like a
tail—
A sooty pock sae braid and lang that it could haud a
whale!
Ye wadna seek twa sights o' him, for ane wad mak ye
dumb,
Ae blink o' this wee mannikie, the Bowgie o' the Lum!

A' day he dozes in his hame among the curlin' reek—
I've seen his den when lookin' whyles whaur young folk
maunna keek;
But when the mirk begins to fa', and grass to kep the dew,
He sprauchles doon to look aboot for little weans like you!
When bairns are sweir to gang to bed—ah, then he's sure
to come,
The little wee bit mannikie, the Bowgie o' the Lum!

He jouks about the ingle-side, and glowers at young and
 auld,
 And tho' he's but a little mite he's like a lion bauld!
 He'll hae ye whistlin' thro' the air afore ye weel could
 wink,
 And tak' ye to a cauldribe biel, wi' neither meat nor drink;
 The nicht he's prowlin' thro' the toun, short syne I heard
 his hum,
 The jinkin', jumpin' mannikie, the Bowgie o' the Lum!

When pillow'd heads the Bowgie sees, he to his hame will
 creep—
 He maunna crook a scratty paw on bairns that want to
 sleep,
 But greetin' geets he'll rin to meet frae miles ayont the
 moon,
 And woe betide the waukrife wean that winna cuddle doon!
 E'en noo, impatient for a trip, I hear him beat his drum,
 Then tak' your choice—a cosy cot, or Bowgie and the Lum!

James D. Law.

Lum: *v. ante*, 77.
Sleer: noise.
Thrum: purr.
Lugs: *v. ante*, 93.
Curlin' reek: curls of smoke.
Keek: peep, *v. ante*, 28.
Mirk: between daylight and night.
Keep: catch.
Sprauchles: sprawls awkwardly.
Sweir: loath.

Jouks: dodges about.
Ingle-side: fireside.
Cauldribe: cold, chilly.
Biel: dwelling.
Short syne: a little time ago.
Jinking: evasive, elusive.
Maunna: may not.
Scratty: thin or lean.
Geets: restless ones.
Waukrife: *v. ante*, 93.

95

NURSERY SCARECROWS

Gae wa', ye silly, senseless quean!
Nor frighten sae my wean
Wi' tales o' bogies, ghaists, and elves,
That he'll no sleep his lane.
Come! say your prayers, my bonnie bairn,
And saftly slip to bed—
Your guardian angel's waiting there,
To shield your lovely head.

Oh, never mind the foolish things
That clavering Jenny says—
They're just the idle, silly tales,
The dreams o' darker days.
Our grannies, and our gran'dads too,
They might believe them a',
And keep themsel's in constant dread
O' things they never saw.

Lie still, lie still, my ain wee man!
Sic stories are na true,
There's naething in the dark can harm
My bonnie harmless doo;
The WATCHFU' E'E that never sleeps,
That never knows decay,
Will tent frae skaith my bonnie bairn,
By night as weel's by day.

Alexander Rodger.

Quean: young woman. *Sleep his lane*: sleep alone.
Claver: to talk fast, to cajole anyone by talking, a din.
Doo: dove. *Tent*: v. *antl*, 68. *Skaith*: harm.

96

THE OGRE

'Tis moonlight on Trebarwith Vale,
And moonlight on an Ogre keen,
Who prowling hungry through the dale
A lone cottage hath seen.

Small, with thin smoke ascending up,
Three casements and a door;—
The Ogre eager is to sup,
And here seems dainty store.

Sweet as a larder to a mouse,
So to him staring down,
Seemed the sweet-windowed moonlit house,
With jasmine overgrown.

He snorted, as the billows snort
In darkness of the night,
Betwixt his lean locks tawny-swart,
He glowered on the sight.

Into the garden sweet with peas
He put his wooden shoe,
And bending back the apple-trees,
Crept covetously through;

Then, stooping, with an impious eye
Stared through the lattice small,
And spied two children which did lie
Asleep, against the wall.

Into their dreams no shadow fell
Of his disastrous thumb,
Groping discreet and gradual,
Across the quiet room.

But scarce his nail had scraped the cot
Wherein these children lay,
As if his malice were forgot,
It suddenly did stay.

For faintly in the ingle-nook
He heard a cradle-song,
That rose into his thoughts and woke
Much terror them among.

For she who in the kitchen sat
Darning by the fire,
Guileless of what he would be at,
Sang sweet as wind or wire:—

“Lullay, thou little tiny child,
By-by, lullay, lullie;
Jesu of glory, meek and mild,
This night remember ye!

Fiend, witch, and goblin, foul and wild,
He deems 'em smoke to be;
Lullay, thou little tiny child,
By-by, lullay, lullie!”

The Ogre lifted up his eyes
Into the moon's pale ray,
And gazed upon her leopard-wise,
Cruel and clear as day;

He snarled in gluttony and fear—
‘The wind blows dismally,
Jesu, in storm my lambs be near,
By-by, lullay, lullie!’

And like a ravenous beast which sees
The hunter’s icy eye,
So did this wretch in wrath confess
Sweet Jesu’s mastery.

He lightly drew his greedy thumb
From out that casement pale,
And strode, enormous, swiftly home,
Whinnying down the dale.

Walter de la Mare.

VII.—OF FAIRIES



From an engraving by Bartolozzi

97

THE GLEN OF THE TWILIGHT

What road are you taking, my *lhiannoo veg villish*,
 And where will you go at the end of the day?
 We are taking the road to the Glen of the Twilight,
 And "Cadlag the Sleeper" is showing the way.
 Where the Fairies are weaving the dreams for our pillow,
 And lighting the candles that burn in the sky;
 Where "Cadlag the Sleeper" is swaying the willow,
 And blackbirds are calling, *oie-vie, oie-vie*.

And what will you do in the Glen of the Twilight,
 When "Cadlag the Sleeper" has found you a nest?
 We'll play with the roses the Fairies will bring us,
 And murmur of waters will lull us to rest.
 Where the Fairies are weaving the dreams for our pillow,
 And rocking the cradle where softly we'll lie;
 Where "Cadlag the Sleeper" is swaying the willow,
 And childher are nodding, *oie-vie, oie-vie*.

"*Cushag*."

(*Isle of Man*.)

Lhiannoo veg villish: sweet little child.
Cadlag: the little sleeper.
Oie-vie: *v. ante*, *g*.

98

THE FAIRIES' LULLABY

My mirth and merriment, soft and sweet art thou,
Child of the race of Conn art thou;
My mirth and merriment, soft and sweet art thou,
Of the race of Coll and
Conn art thou.

My smooth green rush, my laughter sweet,
My little plant in the rocky cleft,
Were it not for the spell on thy tiny feet
Thou wouldst not here be left,
Not thou.

Of the race of Coll and Conn art thou,
My laughter, sweet and low art thou;
As you crouch on my knee,
I would lift you with me,
Were it not for the mark that is on your feet
I would lift you away,
and away
with me.

Eleanor Hull.
(From the Gaelic.)

Coll and Conn: Irish Kings. "Conn of the Hundred Battles" was one of the most famous of the ancient Pagan kings of Ireland.

99

THE FAIRY NURSE

Sweet babe! a golden cradle holds thee,
 And soft the snow-white fleece enfolds thee;
 In airy bower I'll watch thy sleeping,
 Where branchy trees to the breeze are sweeping.
 Shoheen sho, lulo, lo!

Within our magic halls of brightness
 Trips many a foot of snowy whiteness;
 Stolen maidens, queens of Fairy—
 And kings and chiefs, a slua shee airy.
 Shoheen sho, lulo, lo!

Rest thee, babe! I love thee dearly,
 And as thy mortal mother nearly;
 Ours is the swiftest steed, and proudest,
 That moves where the tramp of the host is loudest.
 Shoheen sho, lulo, lo!

Rest thee, babe! for soon thy slumbers
 Shall flee at the magic koelshic's numbers;
 In airy bower I'll watch thy sleeping,
 Where branchy trees to the breeze are sweeping,
 Shoheen sho, lulo, lo!

Edward Walsh.
(From the Gaelic.)

Shoheen sho: v. ante, 10
Slua shee (sluagh sidhe): fairy host.
Koelshic (ceol sidhe): fairy music.

100

FAIRY LULLABY

“This is the song of a most unhappy mother, who has been borne away by the invisible creatures to their fortress in the green hill. Her duty is to nurse children in the fairy kingdom, whilst her own child is forsaken. Now on the eve of the last day when deliverance is yet possible, she chants her message to another woman (while anxiously hushing to sleep the fairy babe), that she may reveal the means of deliverance. This is a dramatic conception, nor must it be taken as a mere poetic fancy; the deep conviction of the reality of such scenes has been fatally illustrated within the past few years.”—*P. W. Joyce.*

O woman, washing by the river,
(Hush-a-by, babe not mine.)
My woeful wail wilt pity never?
(Hush-a-by, babe not mine.)
A year this day, I was snatched for ever,
(Hush-a-by, babe not mine.)
To the green hill fort where the thorn-trees
shiver,—
(Hush-a-by, babe not mine.)
Shoheen, shoheen, shoheen, shoheen,
Sho-hu-lo, sho-hu-lo,
Shoheen, shoheen, shoheen, shoheen,
'Tis not thou, my baby O!

'Tis there the fairy court is holden,
(Hush-a-by, babe not mine.)
And there is new ale, there is olden,
(Hush-a-by, babe not mine.)

And there are combs of honey golden,
 (Hush-a-by, babe not mine,)
 And there lie men in bonds enfolden,
 (Hush-a-by, babe not mine.)
 Shoheen, shoheen, shoheen, shoheen,
 Sho-hu-lo, sho-hu-lo,
 Shoheen, shoheen, shoheen, shoheen,
 'Tis not thou, my baby O!

How many there, of fairest faces!
 (Hush-a-by, babe not mine,)
 Bright-eyed boys, with manly graces!
 (Hush-a-by, babe not mine,)
 Gold-haired girls with curling tresses!
 (Hush-a-by, babe not mine,)
 There, mothers nurse with sad caresses,
 (Hush-a-by, babe not mine,)
 Shoheen, shoheen, shoheen, shoheen,
 Sho-hu-lo, sho-hu-lo,
 Shoheen, shoheen, shoheen, shoheen,
 'Tis not thou, my baby O!

Ah, bid my husband haste to-morrow,
 (Hush-a-by, babe not mine,)
 A waxen taper he shall borrow,
 (Hush-a-by, babe not mine,)
 A black knife bring to cross my sorrow,
 (Hush-a-by, babe not mine,)
 And stab their first steed coming thro',
 (Hush-a-by, babe not mine.)
 Shoheen, shoheen, shoheen, shoheen,
 Sho-hu-lo, sho-hu-lo,
 Shoheen, shoheen, shoheen, shoheen,
 'Tis not thou, my baby O!

Say, pluck the herb where gate-thorns quiver,
(Hush-a-by, babe not mine,)
And wish a wish, that God deliver,
(Hush-a-by, babe not mine,)
If he come not then—he need come never,
(Hush-a-by, babe not mine,)
For they'll make me Fairy Queen for ever,
(Hush-a-by, babe not mine!)
Shoheen, shoheen, shoheen, shoheen,
Sho-hu-lo, sho-hu-lo,
Shoheen, shoheen, shoheen, shoheen,
'Tis not thou, my baby O!

Dr. George Sigerson.
(From the Gaelic.)

Shoheen sho: v. ante, 10.

A VARIANT.

101

CUSHEEN LOO

Sleep, my child! for the rustling trees,
Stirr'd by the breath of summer breeze,
And fairy songs of sweetest note,
Around us gently float.

Sleep! for the weeping flowers have shed
Their fragrant tears upon thy head,
The voice of love hath sooth'd thy rest,
And thy pillow is a mother's breast.
Sleep, my child!

Weary hath pass'd the time forlorn,
Since to your mansion I was borne,
Tho' bright the feast of its airy halls,
And the voice of mirth resounds from its walls.
Sleep, my child!

Full many a maid and blooming bride
Within that splendid dome abide,—
And many a hoar and shrivell'd sage,
And many a matron bowed with age.
Sleep, my child!

Oh! thou who hearest this song of fear,
To the mourner's home these tidings bear.
Bid him bring the knife of the magic blade,
At whose lightning-flash the charm will fade.
Sleep, my child!

Haste! for to-morrow's sun will see
The hateful spell renewed for me;
Nor can I from that home depart,
Till life shall leave my withering heart.
Sleep, my child!

Sleep, my child! for the rustling trees,
Stirr'd by the breath of summer breeze,
And fairy songs of sweetest note
Around us gently float.

J. J. Callanan.
(From the Irish.)

Cusheen Loo: A cradle word like husheen.

102

SLUMBER MUSIC

(SUANTRÁIDHE)

Shoheen shoho, my child is my treasure,
 My jewel without blemish, my share of the world,
 Shoheen shoho, how happy to have him,
 My dear asleep in his bed without care!
 Child of my breast, fair be your sleeping,
 Wealth and weal forever for you!
 God's Son bless you, His Nurse protect you!
 Fall asleep and wake not till day.
 Shoheen shoho, shoheen shoho!

On Mullach an Tighe there are white-robed fairies,
 Under the gentle spring moon playing their play,—
 Here they come trooping to summon my baby,
 To wile him away from me into the fort.
 I call you, my heart, they will not entice you
 By power of their wiles or sweetness of song,
 I am by your side praying down blessings,
 Shoheen, my babe, you'll not go away!
 Shoheen shoho, shoheen shoho!

Before my darling, mild and loving,
 The eyes of angels are watching his way,
 With love surpassing they'd fain take him with them,
 For Heaven were brighter of his going with them.
 Store of my heart, lie back in your cradle,
 Beside your mother you'll stay for a while,
 God will not grudge me my joy and my pleasure—
 My kingdom on earth is to be with my dear.
 Shoheen shoho, shoheen shoho!

*P. H. Pearse.**(From the Irish of
The Rev. Thomas O'Kelly.)**Shoheen sho: v. ante, 10.**Mullach an Tighe* (literally, roof of the house): a mountain in Connacht.

103

SOONTREE

My joy and my grief, go sleep and gather
Dreams from the tree where the dreams hang low,
Rounder than apples, and sweeter than honey,
All to delight mo Creevin Cno!

My joy, fill your dear hands full of roses,
And gather lilies that stand a-row;
Pull rush and reed with the Shee's fair children,
But eat not, drink not, mo Creevin Cno!

You may not taste of the cups of honey,
You may not taste of the wine blood-red;
Of the mead and the wine he drank, your father,
And the next night's rain wept your father dead!

Reach up to the star that hangs the lowest,
Tread down the drift of the apple-blow,
Ride your ragwort horse to the Isle of Nobles,
But the Shee's wine drink not, mo Creevin Cno!
Shoheen, shoheen, shoheen sho!

Nora Chesson.

Soontree: v. ante, 10. *Shee*: fairy. *Shoheen sho*: v. ante, 10.
Mo Creevin Cno (*Chraoibhin Chno*): A pet name (literally, my cluster
or branch of nuts).

104

A DONEGAL HUSH SONG

God bring you safe from the death-sleep of night,

A lanniv machree,

My heart's delight!

From the green-hill'd homes of the Slua Shee

O'er the purple rim of a star-lit sea,

Through a leafy lane, o'er Moy Mell's plain,

Where dew-drops, strung on a gossamer chain

From blossomy boughs, swing to and fro,

And a round, red moon hangs low, so low—

God bring you safe through the night to me,

My heart's delight,

A lanniv machree!

God bring you safe from the death-sleep of night,

A lanniv machree!

My heart's delight!

From the grey world's edge where the rose-dawn sleeps,

Through the white dream-gates where the shy day

peeps,

Down the silver track of the morning star,

To the yellow strand where the white cliffs are,

Where each fairy foot in a fairy brogue

Is hastening away to Tir na n Og,

God bring you safe to the dawn and me,

My heart's delight,

A lanniv machree!

Cathal O'Bryne.

A lanniv: v. *ante*, 19. *Machree*: v. *ante*, 19. *Slua shee*: v. *ante*, 99.

Moy Mell's plain (*Magh Meala*): the honey sweet plain.

Tir na n Og: the Land of Everlasting Youth (pronounce *Teer Na Neguc*).

I'LL SET YOU ASWING IN A PURPLE BELL

I'll set you aswing in a purple bell
Of the Lady's-finger,
Where brown bees linger,
And loiter long,

I'll set you aswing in a fairy dell,
To the silvery ring of a fairy song.

I'll put you afloat in a boat of pearl
On a moonlit sea,
Where your path shall be
Of silver and blue,
To Fairy-land, childeen, sweet girl,
To its rose-strewn strand bathed in glistening dew.

I'll make you a nest—a soft, warm nest—
In my heart's core,
A lanniv a stor,
When day is gone,
Where cosily curled on mother's breast,
My share o' the world, you'll rest till dawn.

Cathal O'Byrne.

A lanniv : v. ante, 19.

A stor : v. ante, 18.

106

HALLOWE'EN

Let us hasten, little storeen!
 Listen, darling, Shep is snarling,
 Seeing down the rugged boreen
 Slua-Shee sweeping through the air,
 O'er the bogland's matted rushes,
 'Yond the mount's prickly bushes,
 To the moonshine—fairy sunshine—
 Of the losses, grey and bare!

Whitely, o'er the haunted hill-path,
 See the curling dust goes whirling—
 To the dewy-mantled cill-rath
 Haste the Shee this Hallowe'en—
 Should they meet thee, they would take thee,
 And their lowly menial make thee—
 Slippers mending, work unending,
 For the little man in green.

Once, I knew a tiny fellow,
 Darkling straying, out a-playing,
 He, amid the trancens yellow,
 Lay a tired, benighted youth;
 Then a bubble-eyed arch-luchre,
 Tipped with steely spots and ochre,
 Sudden rising, leaped surprising,
 Clean a-down his wondering mouth.

Now the Lúricaun roams, bedless—
 He's a fairy, sly and wary!
 And the Dúlicaun comes headless,
 Seeking for some other one.
 His long arms are ever sweeping,
 Till they touch some stranger, sleeping,
 Who awakes, and moaning makes—
 For his head, for ever gone!

Fear, astor, the fire-fringed "Shee-rings,"
Never venture them to enter;
Ended, else thy journeyings—
Withered, shrunk grown, and wan;
While the fairy puca, grazing,
At their stunted cowherd gazing,
Would keep saying—"Ceased thy straying
Now, my little whey-faced man!"

Now, at last thou growest fearful,
Of (my dearie) things so eerie;
But (my darling) be not tearful—
Cross thyself, and they are gone;
For the Slua-Shec cannot charm thee,
Nor their magic hurt or harm thee.
Two things be, which fairies flee—
Evening prayer and morning sun!

Patrick Joseph McCall.

Stórcen: v. *ante*, 19.

Lios: fairy forts or palace (pronounce liss).

Cill-rath (pronounce keel-ra): a fairy mound on which a cille or monastic cell has been erected.

Trancus (*trailhuin*): withered grass stalks.

Arch luchre (*carc-luachrach*): the red spotted one, a lizard.

Lúricauu (pronounce *lura an*): a mischief making fairy who delights in stealing butter, wine, and children; he is the idle roystering brother of the hard-working Leprechaun, "the little man in green."

Dúlicauu (pronounce *doolicauu*): The headless fairy. He is provided with long arms like rake handles, and goes groping about the fields at night endeavouring to find some person asleep. The sleeper found becomes a *Dúlicauu* too.

Astor: v. *ante*, 18.

Shee-rings: the round burnt patches of grass often to be seen on pastures.

Puca (pronounce *pooka*): elf. This is the original of Shakspeare's "Puck."

107

HUSH, A-LANNIV

Long ago, there was once a happy mother—
 Hush, a-lanniv! Hush, a-lanniv!
 Till the Shee took her child and left another;
 Hush, a-lanniv! Hush, a-lanniv!
 And this fairy child was like her own dear Treasure,
 Hush, a-lanniv! Hush, a-lanniv!
 But, ochone! it wept and wailed beyond all measure,
 Hush, a-lanniv! Hush, a-lanniv!

Then she said, this queer thing is not my storeen;
 Hush, a-lanniv! Hush, a-lanniv!
 And, she told the Wise Woman in the boreen;
 Hush, a-lanniv! Hush, a-lanniv!
 And the Woman of the Cures said, "Well, my
 daughter——"
 Hush, a-lanniv! Hush, a-lanniv!
 "You will know if you cross over running water,"
 Hush, a-lanniv! Hush, a-lanniv!

O'er the ford in her apron then she brought it,
 Hush, a-lanniv! Hush, a-lanniv!
 And my dear, like a load of lead, she thought it,
 Hush, a-lanniv! Hush, a-lanniv!
 Then the fastenings of her apron burst asunder!
 Hush, a-lanniv! Hush, a-lanniv!
 And a fellow like a wizard tumbled under,
 Hush, a-lanniv! Hush, a-lanniv!

Then away with a laugh along the river,
 Hush, a-lanniv! Hush, a-lanniv!
This old man of the fairies passed for ever,
 Hush, a-lanniv! Hush, a-lanniv!
But I'm told that when the mother went home
 weeping—
 Hush, a-lanniv! Hush, a-lanniv!
Her own child she found safe in the cradle sleeping
 Like mo-lanniv! like mo-lanniv!

Patrick Joseph McCall.

108

THE FAIRY NURSE

Fairy. "If it goes to thy heart to be nursing long years,
Go home, human mother, and dry up thy tears!"

Mortal. "I go, Ban a Lassa, but first give to me
Ten things for ten years I have nursed for the
Shee!"

Sho-ló lo—Sho ló lo—
My own child is gone!
Sho-ló lo—Sho ló lo—
Strange baby, sleep on!

Fairy. "And what are these ten—I but promised thee
nine?
And these, human mother, this evening are thine!"

Mortal. "Three cows, Ban a' Lassa, with specks on the
back,
With three that are hornless, and three that are
black!"

Sho-ló lo—Sho ló lo—
My own child is gone!
Sho-ló lo—Sho ló lo—
Strange baby, sleep on!

Fairy. "Yea, these be the nine, with these nine thou canst
go—
What else, human mother, so sad under woe?"

Mortal. "The hound, Ban a Lassa, chained up in lios,
My own little childie, that pines for my kiss!"
Sho-ló lo—Sho ló lo—
My own child is gone!
Sho-ló lo—Sho ló lo—
Strange baby, sleep on!

Patrick Joseph McCall.

Ban a' lassa (*bean a' leasa*): woman of the fairy fort. See: *v. ante*, 103
Lios (pronounce *liiss*): *v. ante*, 106.

109

CREEVEEN CNO

I will sing a queer song for my Creeveen Cno,
That I heard from a fairy man long ago;
Beneath a red rowan he hammered away,
And lilted a song all the summer day—

O-ho! dear, shall we go—

O-ho! all in a row?

To see a strange palace, as fair as a chalice,
With a cradle of gold for my Creeveen Cno?

He sang, "I've a mansion, as round as the sun,
In the mossy rath, hidden from every one;
'Tis guarded by thrushes, brown-speckled and bright,
That sing in their sleep in the hush of the night!"—

O-ho! dear, shall we go—

O-ho! all in a row?

To see the bold thrushes stand guard on the bushes
All fifeing up music for Creeveen Cno?

"My sister's a nightingale out in the wood;
My brother's a drummer for Conn the Good;
My father's a gentleman snug in his chair;
My mother's a dealer in china-ware!"—

O-ho! dear, shall we go—

O-ho! all in a row?

His father and mother, his sister and brother
Have millions of kisses for Creeveen Cno!

"I've a dandy grey mare and a pussy-cat brown,
And a mouse brings me oatmeal out of the town.
A little white rabbit sleeps high on my knee,
And a robin picks all the bright berries for me!"

O-ho! dear, shall we go—

O-ho! all in a row?

A dish of strawbérries, raspbérries, and cherries,
Red Robin has ready for Creeveen Cno.

“There is bread in the cupboard, and cheese on the shelf;
And if you want more you can get it yourself—
A bit for old Peter, a bit for young Paul,
And a bit for the beggar outside the wall!”

O-ho! dear, shall we go—

O-ho! all in a row?

This sweet bread and butter will make a nice supper
For good little children like Creeveen Cno!

“My butler’s a gander, grey-feathered and fat,
Who wears a blue jacket and three-cocked hat;
His wife often pecks him—he gravely will prance
When to please the young goslings she bids him to
dance!”

O-ho! dear, shall we go—

O-ho! all in a row?

This foolish old gander will to the moor wander,
To jig for my good little Creeveen Cno!

“I’ve a black-coated coachman, a dog called Ruff,
And I sent him to town for a pinch of snuff,
He broke my box and spilled my snuff!”
Then the man said his story was long enough!

O-ho! dear, shall we go—

O-ho! all in a row?

Be sure, when I’m buried, and you, love, are married,
In heaven I’ll watch o’er my Creeveen Cno!

Patrick Joseph McCall.

Creeveen Cno: v. *ant.* 103.

Rath: a hill with earth works.

Conn the Good: v. *ant.* 98.

110

THE LITTLE FRAGRANT ONE

AN CUMHRACHAN

I laid my nursling on the ground,
 As was my wont I laid him down;
 I laid my nursling on the ground,
 No careful nurse was I.

My fragrant dark-haired nursling O!
 My fragrant Dark one, ho ho!
 My fragrant dark-haired nursling O!
 My fragrant Dark one, ho ho!

I traversed the mountains from end to end,
 From Ben to Ben, from end to end;
 I traversed the mountains from end to end,
 But never found my fragrant one.

My fragrant dark-haired nursling O!
 My fragrant Dark one, ho ho!
 My fragrant dark-haired nursling O!
 My fragrant Dark one, ho ho!

I found the track of the deer on the hill,
 The deer on the hill, the deer on the hill;
 I found the track of the deer on the hill,
 But never found my fragrant one.

My fragrant dark-haired nursling O!
 My fragrant Dark one, ho ho!
 My fragrant dark-haired nursling O!
 My fragrant Dark one, ho ho!

I found the track of the trout on the stream,
The trout on the stream, the trout on the stream;
I found the track of the trout on the stream,
But never found my fragrant one.

My fragrant dark-haired nursling O!
My fragrant Dark one, ho ho!
My fragrant dark-haired nursling O!
My fragrant Dark one, ho ho!

I found the track of the cow and calf,
The cow and calf, the cow and calf;
I found the track of the cow and calf,
But never found my fragrant one.

My fragrant dark-haired nursling O!
My fragrant Dark one, ho ho!
My fragrant dark-haired nursling O!
My fragrant Dark one, ho ho!

I found the track of the swan on the wave,
The swan on the wave, the swan on the wave;
I found the track of the swan on the wave,
But never found my fragrant one.

My fragrant dark-haired nursling O!
My fragrant Dark one, ho ho!
My fragrant dark-haired nursling O!
My fragrant Dark one, ho ho!

I found the foot, but not the head,
How wearily the hills I tread!
I found the foot, but not the head,
The vanished head of my fragrant one.

My fragrant dark-haired nursling O!
My fragrant Dark one, ho ho!
My fragrant dark-haired nursling O!
My fragrant Dark one, ho ho!

A brown-polled cow ascends the hill;
A brown-polled cow descends the hill;
From side of glen to brink of rill
Her weary search is fruitless still.

My fragrant dark-haired nursling O!
My fragrant Dark one, ho ho!
My fragrant dark-haired nursling O!
My fragrant Dark one, ho ho!

The Rev. Archibald Macdonald.
(From the Gaelic.)

A VARIANT OF THE PRECEDING

III

I left my baby lying here,
A-lying here, a-lying here,
I left my baby lying here,
To go and gather blaeberreries.

I found the wee brown otter's track,
The otter's track, the otter's track,
I found the wee brown otter's track,
But ne'er a trace of baby O!

I found the track of the swan on the lake,
The swan on the lake, the swan on the lake,
I found the track of the swan on the lake,
But not the track of baby O!

I found the track of the yellow fawn,
The yellow fawn, the yellow fawn,
I found the track of the yellow fawn,
But ne'er a trace of baby O!

I found the trail of the mountain mist,
The mountain mist, the mountain mist,
I found the trail of the mountain mist,
But ne'er a trace of baby O!

Hovan, hovan, Gorrie òg, O! Gorrie òg, O! Gorrie
òg, O!

Hovan, hovan, Gorrie òg, O! I've lost my darling
baby, O!

Lauchlan Macbean.
(From the Gaelic.)

Blaeberreries: bilberry or whortleberry.
Gorrie òg: young Gorrie or Godfrey.

112

THE LITTLE WANDERER OF THE GLEN

(MAOL-RUAINIDH GHLINNEACHAIN)

Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee Glenikin.
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee,
 Gone thy mother, hillwards gone,
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee.
 Away from the glen and the browsing stags,
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee.
 And since she is gone, then go may she!
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee.
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee Glenikin,
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee.
 Took she the wallet with thy share of meal?
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee.
 Took she the quaich with thy share of butter?
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee.
 Took she the very hen from the roosting?
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee.
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee Glenikin,
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee.
 What, O love, thy seeking from me?
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee,
 Since butter nor meal nor dainty have I,
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee,
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee Glenikin,
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee.
 There is milk of the brindled cow for thee,
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee,

Trout and dainty and venison too,
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee.
Daffing on knee and frolic and mirth,
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee.
And come with me to yon fairy-knoll,
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee,
Ha ho ro, Mel-Roanee Glenikin,
 Ha ho ro, Mel-Rooanee.

Kenneth Macleod.

*(A metrical version of the Rev. A. J. Macdonald's literal
translation from the Gaelic.)*

Quaich (cuach): wooden dish.

Daffing on knee: tossing, fun, (baby nonsense).

A VARIANT OF THE PRECEDING

113

A FAIRY CROON

“The following *Taladh*, or croon, is said to have been sung by a kind-hearted fairy, who, calling at a house, found a child lying in a cradle, its mother having apparently deserted it.”

Wert thou mine own I'd fondle thee,
 Wert thou mine own I'd fondle thee,
 Wert thou my ain dearie,
 Nae ill would come near thee,
 My heart's dearest treasure, I'd fondle thee.
 Fondle thee, yes, fondle thee,
 Fondle thee, yes, fondle thee,
 O sleep noo, my lammie,
 Ne'er fash for your mammie,
 My bonnie wee lammie,
 I'll fondle thee.

Yestre'en at the gloamin' as I heard say,
 A bonnie braw gallant gaed by this way,
 Wi' bow and wi' arrow,
 Wi' sword keen and narrow;
 I'm feared that your minnie's wi' him away.
 I'd fondle thee, fondle thee;
 Fondle thee, yes, fondle thee.
 O sleep noo, my lammie,
 Ne'er fash for your mammie,
 My bonnie wee lammie,
 I'll fondle thee.

Henry Whyte (“*Fionn*”)
 (From the Gaelic.)

Fash: bother, be put about.

A VARIANT.

114

THE LULLING OF LITTLE MAOL-RUAINIDH

Ba ho-ro, thou'rt weary, toddling;
Ba ho-ro, my baby!
Over glen and hillside waddling,
Roving, fair-haired baby!

O'er the moor thy mother's betaken her;
Ba ho-ro, my baby!
Butter and meal she's ta'en, and forsaken thee;
I will stay with baby.

What dost seek, my brave wee mannikin?
Ba ho-ro, my baby!
Sweet milk-porridge made in the pannikin,
With butter too, my baby!

Let thy mother go!—I'll nourish thee;
Ba ho-ro, my baby!
I will dandle, fondle, cherish thee,
Weary, way-worn baby!

K. M. Grant.

(A free rendering of the Gaelic lullaby, No. 112.)

Maol-ruainidh: v. ante, 112.

115

THOU WHITE SWAN

“The swan is a favourite bird and of good omen. . . . In windy, snowy, or wet weather swans fly low, but in calm, bright, or frosty weather they fly high; but even when the birds are only specks in the distant blue lift above, their soft, silvery, flute-like notes penetrate to earth below. . . . Swans are said to be ill-used religious ladies under enchantment, driven from their homes and forced to wander, and to dwell where most kindly treated and where least molested. They are therefore regarded with loving pity and veneration, and the man who would injure a swan would thereby hurt the feelings of the community. A woman found a wounded swan on a frozen lake near her house and took it home, where she set the broken wing, dressed the bleeding feet, and fed the starving bird with lintseed and water. The woman had an ailing child, and as the wounds of the swan healed, the health of the child improved, and the woman believed that her treatment of the swan caused the recovery of her child, and she rejoiced accordingly and composed the following lullaby to her restored child.”

Thou white swan,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Sad thy condition,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Pitiful thy state,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Lift: sky.

Thy blood flowing,
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! hi ho!

Thou white swan,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Far from thy friends,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Dame of thy converse,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Remain near me,
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! ho ho!

Leech of gladness thou,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Sain my little child,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Shield him from death,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Hasten him to health,
Hu hi! ho ho!

As thou desirest,
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! hi ho!

Pain and sorrow,
Hu hi! ho ho!

To thine injurer,
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! hi ho!

A thousand welcomes to thee,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Life and health be thine,
Hu hi! ho ho!

The age of joy be thine,
Hu hi! ho ho!

In every place,
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! hi ho!

.

Peace and growth to him,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Strength and worth to him,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Victory of place,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Everywhere to him,
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! hi ho!

The Mary Mother,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Fair white lovely,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Be fondling thee,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Be dandling thee,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Be bathing thee,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Be rearing thee,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Be shielding thee,
Hu hi! ho ho!

From the net of thine enemy;
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! ho ho!

Be caressing thee,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Be guarding thee,
Hu hi! ho ho!

Be filling thee
Hu hi! ho ho!

With the graces;
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! hi ho!

LULLABIES

OF FAIRIES
SCOTLAND

The love of thy mother, thou,
Hu hi! ho ho!

The love of her love, thou,
Hu hi! ho ho!

The love of the angels, thou,
Hu hi! ho ho!

In Paradise,
Hu hi! ho ho!
Hu hi! hi ho!

Alexander Carmichael, LL.D.
(From the Gaelic, orally gathered.)

Hu hi (pronounce *hoo hcc*).

116

ROCK HIM TILL HE GROWS A MANNIE

Cuddle doon an' sleep fu' soun',
Mammy's bairnie saft an' cosie;
Pit ae han' my neck aroun',
An' the ither in my bozie.
There now, sleep while mammie sings
That bit sang, fu' lown an' cannie—
Hoo a fairy every nicht
Rocks him till he grows a mannie!

Just when he begins to sleep,
In she comes—that dumpy fairy—
Askin' wi' auld-fashion'd look,
“Let me try the wean to carry!”
But I shake my heid an' say,
“Mammy daurna trust her bairnie
Wi' a thing sac licht as you;
First grow bigger an' she'll learn ye!”

Then I draw the creddle near,
Pit him in, while sweet an' simple,
She gets up upon the stule,
An' raxes doon to kiss his dimple;
After this she starts an' sings,
As she rocks an' swings the creddle,
Sic a sang, sae lown an' sweet,
I daurna speak a word or meddle!

What that sang can mean, ava,
Dim an' riddle-like in seemin',
Nane kens but this bairnie here,
For he smiles an' starts the dreamin',

Then that fairy, keekin' ow'r,
 Seein' this, sings laigh an' cannie,
 "Rock him saft, an' rock him aft,
 Till he grows a great big mannie!"

Then her sang begins to turn
 Saft an' wac, as if entreatin',
 Though I dinna ken a word,
 Yet I maist fa' to the greetin',
 But the weanie still smiles on,
 Liftin' up a wee fat han'ie,
 Which the fairy kissin' cries,
 "Bairnie, sleep an' grow a mannie."

So he sleeps the hale nicht lang,
 Waukin' up fu' gleg an' smilin',
 For he min's the fairy's sang,
 An' the dreams that cam' beguilin';
 But the meanin' o' the sang
 That a carefu' mither misses,
 This bit laddie winna tell,
 Though she gi'es him fifty kisses.

Ay, the sleep that comes when we
 Are weans, an' rockit by oor fairy,
 Fa's upon us saft as dew
 Frae heaven's threshold high and airy;
 Then we ken the mystic sang,
 An' the forms we see when dreamin',
 Pity that we miss them a'
 When we grow to men and women.

Alexander Anderson.

Bozie: bosom. *Lown*: calm. *Rax*: to stretch, to reach down.
Keekin': *v. ante*, 28. *Wac*: *v. ante*, 42. *Greetin'*: *v. ante*, 91. *Gleg*: brisk.

117

SLEEP THOU, O LOVE

On a dark night a countryman was walking home over a wide moorland in Western Ross-shire, and, overcome by fatigue, lay down to rest on a knoll near the path, and soon fell asleep. When some time had elapsed he was awakened by the voice of a fairy woman, whose house was in the knoll, as she was lulling her infant to sleep with the following.

Sleep thou, O love,
Sleep thou, O love,
Sleep thou, O love,
In the narrow chest of boards!

I'll not be away from thee,
I'll not be away from thee,
I'll not be away from thee
Above an hour or two!

Sleep thou O!
Sleep thou O!
Sleep thou O!
And be thou still!

Francis Tolmie.

(From the Gaelic, orally gathered.)

118

THE CAVE OF GOLD

(UAMH AN OIR)

Long ago an exploring party accompanied by a piper entered this cavern, expecting to find a subterranean passage which should lead them in an easterly direction quite across the Island to another cave bearing the same name of Uamh an Oir, near Monstadt in Trotternish. Some hours after the men set out on this adventure, a woman sitting at the well of Tulaich (Tobar Tulaich), near Harlosh, heard coming up through the water the voice of the piper in despairing tones, expressing a wish that he might have three hands, two for the bagpipe and one for the sword with which to fight the monster that presumably overcame his companions and himself, who were never seen or heard of again."

Ere I return, ere I attain,
Ere I return from Uamh an Oir,
The little kids will be goats of the crags,
And the little calves have become great kine!

Ere I return, ere I attain,
Ere I return from Uamh an Oir,
Creel-bearing horses will be riding-steeds
Ere I return from Uamh an Oir.

OF FAIRIES
THE HEBRIDES (ISLE OF SKYE)

LULLABIES

Ere I return, ere I attain,
Ere I return from Uamh an Oir,
Babes borne in the bosom will be men bearing
arms—
But never more shall I return!

Frances Tolmie.

(From the Gaelic, orally gathered.)

“An early nursery memory.” The tradition relating to this cave has for many generations been the subject of various lullabies throughout the Hebrides.

Creel: a kind of basket, a pannier.

119

CUTTING THE BRACKEN

(BUAIN NA RAINICH)

"A maiden had a fairy lover who used to help her when cutting bracken, or drying peats on the moor. Her brothers suspecting that she must be receiving fairy assistance, set a watch to observe her, and, finding that their suspicions were confirmed, carried their sister away to a distant part of the country, and the fairy saw her no more. But he was often heard lamenting her absence, behind the pretty knoll in which he lived. His lamentation is a very ancient song, much used as a lullaby throughout the Highlands."

All the day, cutting bracken, all the day alone,
All the day cutting, for ever all the day.
I am weary all alone, every day cutting bracken,
I am weary all alone, every day lonely.

Behind the knoll, upon the knoll, behind the pretty
knoll,
Behind the knoll, upon the knoll, every day alone.
I am weary all alone, every day cutting bracken,
I am weary all alone, every day alone.

Frances Tolmie.

*(From the Gaelic, orally gathered.
"An early nursery memory.")*

120

PEAK AND PUCK

From his cradle in the glamourie
They have stolen my wee brother,
Housed a changeling in his swaddlings
For to fret mine own poor mother.
Pules it in the candle-light
Wi' a cheek so lean and white,
Chinkling up its eyne so wee,
Wailing shrill at her an' me!
It we'll neither rock nor tend
Till the Silent, Silent send,
Lapping in their waesome arms,
Him they stole with spells and charms,
Till they take this changeling creature
Back to its own fairy nature—
Cry! Cry! as long as may be,
Ye shall ne'er be woman's baby!

Walter de la Mare.

VIII.—SOME OLD FAVOURITE
HUSH-RHYMES



Romney

NURSEMAID AND CHILD

W. A. Mansell & Co. photo

121

SONG OF THE WELSH NURSE

(WHO IS SUPPOSED TO BE SINGING IT TO THE
FIRST ENGLISH PRINCE OF WALES)

'Tis I that nurse the Baby,
I tend him day and night;
'Tis I that sing 'bye baby,'
From eve till morning light.
He cried this very morning,
From lone midnight to three;
'Tis I that lose my slumber—
This care's all laid on me!

'Tis I that nurse the Baby,
From morn to evening tide;
This trouble and this watching
I ne'er can lay aside.
No word knows he of English,
Nor yet of Welsh a thing;
'Tis mine the care of rearing
And teaching our infant king.

But if I'm spared to nourish
This child so hale and strong;
To speak the ancient British
I'll teach his lisping tongue.
And when he's crowned our Ruler,
Though I forgotten be,
May he remember Gwalia
And its kenin so dear to me.

The Rev. E. Roberts.
(From the Welsh of "Ceiriog.")

Kenin, or Cenin: luck.

122

Trylle the ball, again, my Jacke,
And be content to make some play,
And I will lull thee on my lappe,
With hey be bide, now say not nay!

123

Bee baw babby low, on a tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the wind ceases the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby and cradle and all.

124

A VARIANT.

Hush! a bee bo on a tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the boughs bend the cradle will fall,
Down will come cradle and baby and all.

125

Bee baw Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little lamb's skin,
To lap his little baby in.

Tyrlle: roll.

126

A VARIANT

Baloo, lillie beetic,
Mammie's at the ceetic,
For tae plick an' for tae pu',
For tae gather lammie's woo',
For tae buy a bullie's skin,
Tae rock wir bonnie bairnie in.

Orkney.

Ceetic: city. *Plick*: pluck. *Wir*: our. *Lap*: v. ante, 33.

127

In imitation of the blackbird's song.

Red head, red head,
 Black apron, black apron,
 Are you comin'? Are you comin'?
 Tired waiting, tired waiting,
 Blackbird, Blackbird.

Isle of Man.

128

My dear cockadoodle, my jewel, my joy,
 My darling, my honey, my pretty sweet boy;
 Before I do rock thee with soft lullaby,
 Give me thy dear lips to be kiss'd, kiss'd, kiss'd.

129

Hush-a-bye, a ba-lamb!
 Hush-a-bye, a milk cow,
 You shall have a little stick
 To beat the naughty bow-wow.

130

Where was a sugar and fretty?
 And where was a jewel and spicy?
 Hush-a-bye, babe in a cradle,
 And we'll go away in a tricy!

131

Tom shall have a new bonnet
 With new ribbands to tie on it,
 With hush-a-bye and lull-a-babby,
 Who so like to Tommy's daddy?

132

Bye, baby bumpkin,
 Where's Tony Lumpkin?
 My lady's on her death-bed,
 With eating half a pumpkin.

133

Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green;
 Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
 And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
 And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

134

Pussy sat in the kiln-door, spinnin', spinnin';
 By can' a peerie mouse, rinnin', rinnin',
 Sayin', "Whit's this thoo'r deuin', me lady, me lady?"
 "Spinnin' coat an' breeks tae me eldest son:
 Fast, ye teef, I hae thee."

(Orkney.)

Peerie: peering, inquisitive. *Breeks*: breeches.
Fast, ye teef, I hae' thee: You thief, I hold you firmly.

SIX LULLABIES COLLECTED BY MARIE TREVELYAN
IN THE VALE OF GLAMORGAN

135

Hush-a-bye, baby, they're gone to milk,
Lady and milkmaid all in silk,
Lady goes softly, maid goes slow,
Round again, round again, round they go!

136

Hush-a-bye, Baby,
Sleep like a lady,
She shall have milk when the cows do come home.

137

Father's gone a-flailing,
Brother's gone a-nailing,
Mother's gone a-leasing,
Granny's come a-pleasing,
Sister's gone to Llantwit fair,
Baby, baby, will go there.

138

Baby, baby, husha bye,
Baby, baby, sleep is sly,
He shuts the windows (eyes) and shuts the door
(mouth),
For baby to thrive and wake once more.

139

Baby sucks his finger,
He shall be a singer;
Baby sucks his toes,
Far away he goes;
Baby lying still as still,
Gets an empty hearth and till.

140

Rock him to west,
He'll have no rest;
Rock him to north,
He'll soon go forth (walk);
Rock him to south,
He'll have a full mouth.

141

SLEEPY SONG

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
And the nurse upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep are quick and soft,
Their colours are grey and white,
They follow their leader, nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes next,
Then one runs after behind,
The grey one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next,
Their colours are white and grey.

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the nurse upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, grey little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low
And she says that I fall asleep.

Josephine Daskam Bacon.

INTERLUDE

142

REST

The drowsy lids of sleep are on the hills;
The air lies hush as thought within the heat;
Only you hear the long same-cadenced beat
That pulses from the ever-plaining rills.
The birds sing not, and where the delver tills,
His instruments lie scattered at his feet;
And far away all sheep have ceased to bleat,
And far and wide sleep soothes all wayward wills.

This is the hour when Nature gazeth deep,
To hear her children's heart-beats at her breast,
As lulling them with ancient streams to sleep,
She knows this hour of every hour the best;
For us the breathing time of droop-eyed rest;
For her the watch which mothers love to keep.

William A. Byrne.

INTERLUDE

143

BED-TIME

'Tis bed-time; say your hymn, and bid "Good-night!"
God bless mamma, papa, and dear ones all!"
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eyelids fall,
Another minute you will shut them quite.
Yes; I will carry you, put out the light,
And tuck you up, although you are so tall;
What will you give me, sleepy one, and call
My wages if I settle you all right?
I laid her golden curls upon my arm,
I drew her little feet within my hand;
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful bliss,
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft and warm.
She nestled to me, and by Love's command,
Paid me my precious wages—"baby's kiss."

Francis, Earl of Rosslyn.

INTERLUDE

144

YE LITTLE ELVES WHO HAUNT SWEET DELLS

Ye little elves, who haunt sweet dells,
Where flowers with the dew commune,
I pray you hush the child, Cecil,
 With windlike song.

O little elves, so white she lieth,
Each eyelid gentler than the flow'r
Of the bramble, and her fleecy hair
 Like smoke of gold.

O little elves, her hands and feet
The angels muse upon, and God
Hath shut a glimpse of Paradise
 In each blue eye.

O little elves, her tiny body
Like a white flake of snow it is,
Drooping upon the pale green hood
 Of the chill snowdrop.

O little elves, with elderflower,
And pimpernel, and the white hawthorn,
Sprinkle the journey of her dreams;
 And, little elves,

Call to her magically sweet,
Lest of her very tenderness
She do forsake this rough brown earth
 And return to us no more.

Walter de la Mare.

INTERLUDE

145

IN A GARDEN

Baby, see the flowers!
Baby sees
Fairer things than these,
Fairer though they be than dreams of ours.

Baby, hear the birds!
Baby knows
Better songs than those,
Sweeter though they sound than sweetest words.

Baby, see the moon!
Baby's eyes
Laugh to watch it rise,
Answering light with love and night with noon.

Baby, hear the sea!
Baby's face
Takes a graver grace,
Touched with wonder what that sound may be.

Baby, see the star!
Baby's hand
Opens, warm and bland,
Calm in claim of all things fair that are.



Sir Thomas Lawrence

NATURE

"Baby, see the star!
Baby's hand
Opens warm and bland,
Ca'm in claim of all things fair that are

W. A. Mansell & Co. photo

A. C. SWINBURNE (*see p. 108*)

INTERLUDE

Baby, hear the bells!
Baby's head
Bows as ripe for bed,
Now the flowers curl round and close their cells.

Baby, flower of light,
Sleep and see
Brighter dreams than we,
Till good-day shall smile away good-night.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

INTERLUDE

146

I

ÉTUDE REALISTE

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers towards the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet,
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet.

II

A baby's hands, like rose-buds furled
Where yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurled,
A baby's hands.

Then, fast as warrior's grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurled,
They close, clenched hard like tightening bands

No rose-buds yet by dawn impearled
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world—
A baby's hands.

INTERLUDE

III

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
Ere lips learn words or sighs,
Bless all things bright enough to win
A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,
And sleep flows out and in,
Sees perfect in them Paradise!

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
Their speech make dumb the wise,
By mute glad godhead felt within
A baby's eyes.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

INTERLUDE

147

THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE

A coy inquisitive spirit, the spirit of wonder,
Possesses the child in his cradle, when mortal things
Are new, yet a varied surface and nothing under.
It busies the mind on trifles and toys, and brings
Her grasp from nearer to further, from smaller to greater,
And slowly teaches flight to her fledgeling wings.

Where'er she flutters and falls surprises await her:
She soars, and beauty's miracles open in sight,
The flowers and trees and beasts of the earth; and later
The skies of day, the moon and stars of night;
'Neath which she scarcely venturing goes demurely,
With mystery clad, in the awe of depth and height.

How happy, for still unconscious, for ah! how surely,
How soon and surely will disenchantment come,
When first to herself she boasts to walk securely,
And drives the master spirit away from his home;

Seeing the marvellous things that make the morning
Are marvels of every-day, familiar, and some
Have lost with use, like earthly robes, their adorning,
As earthly joys the charm of a first delight,
And some are fallen from awe to neglect and scorning,

INTERLUDE

Until—

O tarry not long, dear needed sprite!
Till thou, though uninvited, with fancy returnest
To hallow beauty and make the dull heart bright:
To inhabit again thy gladdened kingdom in earnest,
Wherein—

From the smile of beauty afar forecasting
The pleasure of god, thou livest at peace and yearnest
With wonder everlasting.

Robert Bridges.

INTERLUDE

148

A LITTLE SOUND

A little sound—
Only a little, a little—
The breath in a reed,
A trembling fiddle;
The trumpet's ring,
The shuddering drum;
So all the glory, bravery, hush
Of music come.

A little sound—
Only a stir and a sigh
Of each green leaf
Its fluttering neighbour by;
Oak on to oak,
The wide, dark forest through—
So o'er the watery wheeling world
The night-winds go.

A little sound—
Only a little, a little,
The thin high drone
Of the simmering kettle,
The gathering frost,
The click of needle and thread;
Mother, the fading wall, the dream,
The drowsy bed.

Walter de la Mare.

IX.—LULLABIES ADDRESSED TO THE
INFANT CHRIST



Sassoferrato

MADONNA AND CHILD
Louvre

Hausmann's photo

149

HOC DIE DOMINUS NOSTER NASCITUR

Go wind the silvern horn,
 And pluck the angelot string,
 And viol, lute, and flute make play
 For Jesus Christ, the King,
 For Jesus Christ, the King.

And as ye wandering go
 Chant joyously this lay—
 Till earth, and sea, and sky do ring—
 “The Christ is born to-day!
 The Christ is born to-day!”

No instrument have I
 To serve my singing need,
 But I, too, fain would pipe His praise
 Though't be upon a reed,
 Though't be upon a reed.

But ye with silvern horn,
 Lute, flute, and angelot,
 Sing carols meet, and blithe and sweet,
 For Christ, the God-Begot,
 For Christ, the God-Begot.

Padric Gregory.

Hoc Die Dominus Noster Nascitur: This day our Lord is born.

150

LULLAY, LULLAY! LYTEL CHILD

Lullay, lullay! lytel child, myn owyn dere fode:
 How shalt Thou sufferen be nayled on the rode,
 So blyssid be the time.

Lullay, lullay! lytel child, myn owyn dere smerte;
 How shalt Thou sufferen the scharp spere to Thi herte?
 So blyssid be the time.

Lullay, lullay! lytel child—I synge all for Thi sake;
 Many on is the sharpe schour to Thi body is schape.
 So blyssid be the time.

Lullay, lullay! lytel child, fayre happis The befallē;
 How shalt Thou sufferen to drynke ezyl and galle?
 So blyssid be the time.

Lullay, lullay! lytel child, I synge al beforñ;
 How shalt Thou sufferen the scharp garlond of thorn?
 So blyssid be the time.

Lullay, lullay! lytel child, why wepy Thou so sore?
 Thou art bothin God and man, wat woldyst Thou be
 more?
 So blyssid be the time.

Temp. Henry IV.

Fode: child, offspring

Schape: ordained.

Ezyl: vinegar.

151

I SAW A FAIR MAIDEN SIT AND SING

I saw a fair maiden sit and sing,
She lulled a little child, a sweet lording;
 Lullay, mine Liking, my dear Son, mine Sweeting,
 Lullay, my dear Heart, mine own dear Darling.

That very lord is He that made all things.
Of all lords He is Lord (and) King of all kings.
 Lullay, mine Liking, my dear Son, mine Sweeting,
 Lullay, my dear Heart, mine own dear Darling.

There was mickle melody at that Childes birth,
All that were in heaven's bliss, they made mickle mirth.
 Lullay, mine Liking, my dear Son, mine Sweeting,
 Lullay, my dear Heart, mine own dear Darling.

Angels bright they sang that night and saiden to that Child,
"Blessed be Thou, and so be she that is both meek and
 mild."
 Lullay, mine Liking, my dear Son, mine Sweeting,
 Lullay, my dear Heart, mine own dear Darling.

Fifteenth century.

Liking: pleasure.

152

AROUND THE MANGER—THE SHEPHERDS'
ADDRESS

Primus pastor.

Hayll comly and clene! hayll, yong child!
 Hayll, maker, as I meyne, of a madyn so mylde!
 Thou has waryd, I weyne, the warlo so wylde;
 The fals gyler of teyn now goys he begylde.
 Lo, he merys;
 Lo, he laghys, my swetyng,
 A welfare metyng,
 I haue holden my hetyng;
 Haue a bob of cherys.

Secundus pastor

Hayll, sufferan sauyoure ffor thou has vs soght:
 Hayll, frely foyde and floure that all thyng
 has wrought!
 Hayll, full of fauoure that made all of noght!
 Hayll, I kneyll and I cowre. A byrd haue I
 broght to my barne.
 Hayll, lytyll tyne mop!
 Of oure crede thou art crop:
 I wold drynk on thy cop,
 Lytyll day starne.

Tertius pastor.

Hayll, derlyng dere, full of godhede!
 I pray thee be nere when that I haue nede.
 Hayll! swete is thy chere! my hart wold blede
 To se the sytt here in so poore wede,
 With no pennys.

Hayll! put furth thy dall!
 I bring the bot a ball:
 Haue and play the with all,
 And go to the tenys.

*The Towneley Plays XIII. (Second Shepherd's Play.)
 Early fifteenth century.*

The fals gyler of leyn now goys he begylde: the false beguiler of worry
 (causing distress) now goes he beguiled.
I haue holden my helyng: I have kept my promise. *I croure:* I crouch.
Frely foyde and floure: noble offspring and flower. *Mof:* babe
 Cop: head. *Cop:* cup. *Dall:* hand.

153

THE COVENTRY CAROL

Lullay, Thou little tiny Child,
By, by, lully, lullay;
Lullay, Thou little tiny Child,
By, by, lully, lullay.

O sisters too, how may we do,
For to preserve this day
This poor Youngling, for Whom we do sing,
By, by, lully, lullay?

Herod the king in his raging,
Chargèd he hath this day
His men of might, at his own sight,
All children young to slay.

Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,
And ever mourn and say,
For thy parting nor say nor sing,
By, by, lully, lullay.

A.D. 1534.

154

O, my deir hert, young Jesus sweet,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee in my hert,
And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermoir
With sangis sweet unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow!

Sixteenth Century (Scottish).

155

SWEET WAS THE SONG THE VIRGIN SANG

Lulla, lula by, lula by,
Sweet Babe (sang she),
My Son, and eke a Saviour born,
Who hast vouchsafed from on high
To visit us that were forlorn;
La lula, la lula, la lula by!
Sweet Babe (sang she),
And rockt Him sweetly on her knee.

Early seventeenth century.

156

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP! THE MOTHER SINGS

Sleep, baby, sleep! The Mother sings:
Heaven's angels kneel and fold their wings:
Sleep, baby, sleep!

With swathes of scented hay Thy bed
By Mary's hand at eve was spread.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

At midnight came the shepherds, they
Whom seraphs wakened by the way.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

And three kings from the East afar,
Ere dawn came, guided by the star.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

They brought Thee gifts of gold and gems,
Pure orient pearls, rich diadems.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

But Thou who liest slumbering there,
Art King of kings, earth, ocean, air.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! The shepherds sing;
Through heaven, through earth, hosannas ring.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

John Addington Symonds.

157

SLEEP, HOLY BABE

Sleep, Holy Babe,
Upon thy mother's breast.
Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest!

Sleep, Holy Babe!
Thine angels watch around:
All bending low, with folded wings,
Before th' Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

Sleep, Holy Babe!
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile,
Which there divinely plays.

Sleep, Holy Babe!
Ah, take Thy brief repose!
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
That death alone shall close.

Then must those hands,
Which now so fair I see,
Those little dainty feet of Thine,
So soft, so delicately fine,
Be pierced and rent for me!

Then must that brow
Its thorny crown receive,
That cheek, more lovely than the rose,
Be drenched with blood, and marred with blows,
That I may thereby may live.

Edward Caswell.

158

THREE HUSH SONGS OF ST. BRIGID

(LEGENDS TELL THAT BRIGID TENDED THE INFANT CHRIST)

I

The gold is dulling
As daylight dies,
Low sounds of lulling
Shall close your eyes.

The croon and cooing
Of doves that drowse,
The mooing, mooing
Of milk-white cows.

The running number
Of murmur-streams
Have soothed to slumber,
And fill your dreams.

The sounds come nearer;
And now you roam—
The dream grown clearer—
The hills of home.

There gleam pale rivers—
The milk of stars—
A white Dove quivers
Through Heaven's bars.

Ethel Rolt-Wheeler.

159

II

Rocking Jesukin, I rove
Up and down the olive grove:
Grey the ancient branches loom
In the grey of even's gloom.

Over boughs that writhe and twist
Hangs the leafage like a mist—
Like a mist of incense fades
Up the hilly olive-glades.

Haply in the day a-head
He shall tread where now I tread:
Mount of Olives, Mount of Prayer,
With thick incense cloud the air!

Ethel Rolt-Wheeler.

160

III

(THE ROBIN AND THE QUAKING GRASS ARE CLOSELY
ASSOCIATED IN LEGEND WITH THE CRUCIFIXION.)

The Robin pipes on the topmost bough, and the quakin'
grass is quakin',
Would I were back in Eire now, for my heart it is
well-nigh breakin',
Dim shadows toss of a laden cross on the grass that's softly
sobbin',
And drops of blood from a death-wound stud the ruddy
breast of the Robin.
Oh, would I could carry you, Baby Child, the seas and
the deserts over
To the glimmering wastes and the mountains wild and the
windy fields of clover,
For deep in the haze of a leafy maze at the core of the
forest's cover,
I would hide you close from the evil days, and the kiss
of the Traitor Lover.
Oh, give me comfort, Love sublime, for weary I am, and
lonely,
And I am seeing the evil time, and seeing the evil only,
For the red, red blood that a bird shall stanch, my heart
it is achin', achin',
And the Robin pipes on the topmost branch, and the
quakin' grass is quakin'.

Ethel Rolt-Wheeler.

Eire: Ireland.

161

THE CHRIST CHILD LULLABY

(TALADH CHRIOSTA)

My love, my dear, my darling thou,
 My treasure new, my gladness thou,
 My comely beauteous babe-son thou,
 Unworthy I to tend thee!

I the nurse of the King of Greatness!
 I the mother of the God of Glory!
 Am I not the glad-to-be-envied one?
 Oh, my heart is full of rapture!

O dear the eye that softly looks!
 O dear the heart that fondly loves!
 Tho' but a tender babe thou art,
 The graces all grow up with thee!

Art King of kings, art Saint of saints,
 God the Son of eternal age,
 Art my God and my gentle babe,
 Art the King-chief of Humankind.

The fair white sun of hope, Thou art,
 Putting the darkness into exile,
 Bringing mankind from a state of woe,
 To knowledge, light and holiness!

Hosanna to the Son of David,
 My King, my Lord, my Saviour!
 Great my joy to be song-lulling thee—
 Blessed am I among women!

Kenneth Macleod.

*(From the Gaelic, orally gathered
 from the Hebrides.)*

162

WHILE MARY WAS SLEEPING

While Mary was sleeping,
Her Jesus was weeping,
And Joseph was keeping
His watch o'er the sheep.

Then angels descending,
Their watch o'er Him bending,
Sang on without ending
And lulled Him to sleep.

W. H. Gill.

(Suggested by a Sicilian lullaby.)

X.—ECHOES OF THE CHRIST CHILD

MAY JESUS THE CHILD BE BESIDE MY BED
(*LEANBH IOSA AG LUIGHE LINN SA LEABAIDH*)

(From an ancient Irish prayer)



Bouguereau

INNOCENCE

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163

TO AN INFANT SLEEPING

Oh, drinking deep of slumber's holy wine,
Whence may the smile that lights thy countenance be?
We seek in vain the mystery to divine,
For in thy dim unconscious infancy
No games as yet, no playfellows are thine,
To stir in waking hours such thoughts of glee
As, recollected in thine innocent dream,
Might shed across thy face this happy gleam.

It may be, though small notice thou canst take,
Thou feelest that an atmosphere of love
Is ever round thee, sleeping or awake:
Thou wakest, and kind faces from above
Bend o'er thee. When thou sleepest, for thy sake
All sounds are hushed, and each doth gently move:
And this dim consciousness of tender care
Has caused thy cheek this light of joy to wear.

Or, may be, thoughts deeper than we deem
Visit an infant's slumbers—God is near,
Angels are talking to them in their dream,
Angelic voices whispering sweet and clear;
And round them lies that region's holy gleam,
But newly left, and light which is not here;
And thus has come that smile upon thy face,
At tidings brought thee from thy native place.

But whatso'er the causes which beguiled
That dimple on thy countenance, It is gone;
Fair is the lake disturbed by ripple mild,
But not less fair when ripple it has none:
And now what deep repose is thine, dear child,
What smoothness thy unruffled cheek has won.
Oh, who that gazed upon thee could forbear
The silent breathing of a heartfelt prayer?

Richard Chenevix Trench.
(*Archbishop of Dublin.*)

164

A ROCKING HYMN

Sweet baby, sleep; what ails my dear?
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep!

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;
For whosoever thee offends,
By thy protector threatened are,
And God and angels are thy friends.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep!

When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes He took delight;
Such innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in His sight.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep!

A little infant once was He;
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon His Virgin Mother's knee,
That power to thee might be conveyed.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep!

In this thy frailty and thy need
He friends and helpers doth prepare,
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,
For of thy weal they tender are.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep!

The King of kings, when He was born,
Had not so much for outward ease;
By Him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep!

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
Where oxen lay, and asses fed;
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
An easy cradle or a bed.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep!

The wants that He did then sustain
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee;
And by His torments and His pain
Thy rest and ease securèd be.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep!

Thou hast (yet more) to perfect this,
A promise and an earnest got
Of gaining everlasting bliss,
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep!

George Wither.

Earnest (ernes): pledge.

165

A CRADLE HYMN

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment;
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessèd Babe! what glorious features—
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursèd sinners could afford
To receive the heavenly stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
Lovely infant, how He smiled!
When he wept, His mother's blessing
Soothed and hush'd the Holy Child!

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the hornèd oxen fed;
Peace, my darling; here's no danger,
Here's no ox anear thy bed!

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou learn to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise!

Isaac Watts.

166

SWEET DREAMS FORM A SHADE

Sweet dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head!
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams!

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown!
Sweet sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child!

Sweet smiles, in the night,
Hover over my delight!
Sweet smiles, mother's smile,
All the livelong night beguile.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thine eyes.
Sweet moan, sweeter smile,
All the dovelike moans beguile.

Sleep, sleep, happy child!
All creation slept and smiled.
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee doth mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace;
Sweet babe, once like thee
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me;

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small:
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee!

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,
Who became an infant small;
Infant smiles are His own smiles,
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

William Blake.

167

A CRADLE SONG

Lullaby, lullaby, my little son.
Lullaby, lullaby, my pretty one.

What shall I bring to thee?
What shall I sing for thee?

Unto her roost the sparrow goes,
In sleep the red-tipt daisies close,
The golden lights fade on the hill,
High on the trees the leaves are still.

Lullaby, lullaby, my little son.
Lullaby, lullaby, my pretty one.

What be thy dreams, and canst thou see
Into thine own futurity?
Thy frame is of such tiny span—
Yet may my babe become a man.

Lullaby, lullaby, my little son.
Lullaby, lullaby, my pretty one.

Sleep softly in my lap the while
I watch thine eyelids and thy smile,
The silken hair, the outstretched hand,
And nods that mothers understand.

Lullaby, lullaby, my little son.
Lullaby, lullaby, my pretty one.

Those rosy cheeks and curled-up feet
Are fair and dear and tender-sweet,
And close I hold my darling boy,
That is my love and hope and joy.

Lullaby, lullaby, my little son.
Lullaby, lullaby, my pretty one.

Thy Saviour was a babe also,
One Christmas-tide, long, long ago;
And now He gazes down on thee,
With love on thee, on thee and me.

Lullaby, lullaby, my little son.
Lullaby, lullaby, my pretty one.

What shall I bring to thee?
What shall I sing for thee?

Lady Lindsay.

168

THE DAY OF BAPTISM

A MEMBER OF CHRIST, THE CHILD OF GOD, AND AN
INHERITOR OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

Hush, hush, my babe!
Oh, hush that wailing cry!
Nay, start not, little one,
Thy mother's nigh.

Hush, hush, my babe,
Safe in thy sheltered nest,
Rest, rest thy tossing head
On mother's breast.

Hush, hush, my babe,
Thine angel sees His face,
Whose love encircleth thee,
Whose arms embrace.

Oh, hush the moan
Which makes thy mother weep!
Good angels, baby dear,
Watch o'er thee keep.

Hush, hush, my babe,
God's little child thou art;
A place is all thine own
In Jesus' heart.

Then sleep, my babe,
My little treasure, sleep.—
The weary eyes are closed—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Esther Wiglesworth.

169

THE BABY'S SLUMBER

(HUN Y BABAN)

Sleep, sweet baby, sleep, oh sleep!
Angels have thee in their keep;
Sin disturbeth not thy rest,
Peace repositeth on thy breast,
Sleep, sweet baby,
Sleep, oh sleep!

Sleep, for God doth guard thy life,
Fear not sorrow, care or strife;
Fair and blessed be thy days,
All along life's stormy ways;
Sleep, sweet baby,
Sleep, oh sleep!

Shun the snares and wiles of sin,
Crush the foe, and vict'ry win;
May thy crown be as the light,
Ever pure, and ever bright.
Sweet baby sleep,
Sleep, oh sleep!

G. M. Probert.
(From the Welsh.)

170

A MOUNTAINY WOMAN'S CROONING

(CRONAN MNA SLEIBHE)

Little gold head, my house's candle,
(Sleep O! Sleep soft, my baby)
You will guide all wayfarers on this mountain,
(Sleep O! Sleep soft till dawn.)

Little soft mouth that my breast has known,
(Sleep O! Sleep soft, my baby)
Mary will kiss you as she passes
(Sleep O! Sleep soft till dawn.)

Little round cheek, O silk of the thistle,
(Sleep O! Sleep soft, my baby)
Jesus will lay His hand upon you,
(Sleep O! Sleep soft till dawn.)

Mary's kiss on my child's red mouth,
(Sleep O! Sleep soft, my baby)
Christ's little hand on my baby's cheek,
(Sleep O! Sleep soft till dawn.)

House, be still, and ye little grey mice,
(Sleep O! Sleep soft, my baby)
Lie close, lie close, lest ye break his slumber;
(Sleep O! Sleep soft till dawn.)

Little moths on the window, fold your wings,
(Sleep O! Sleep soft, my baby)
Little black chafers, silence your humming,
(Sleep O! Sleep soft till dawn.)

Plovers and curlews, if ye stir to-night,
(Sleep O! Sleep soft, my baby)
Do not cry as ye pass o'er this house,
(Sleep O! Sleep soft till dawn.)

Things of the mountain that wake in the night-
time,
(Sleep O! Sleep soft, my baby)
Be still, be still, for my little one sleeps,
(Sleep O! Sleep soft till dawn.)

P. H. Pearse.

(From his own Irish version.)

A Mountainy Woman: In Ireland folk who live in mountains are called
'mountainy' people.

171

NOW IF, MY LAD, YOU'LL QUIET LIE

Now if, my lad, you'll quiet lie,
I'll sing the lovely lullaby,
That once the Blessed Virgin sung
To hush Our Lord when He was young.

“No cares distress me

When you caress me;

When your lips bless me

How can I weep?

Now into slumber falling, falling,
Till the cock's calling,

Sleep, my Son, sleep!”

'Tis still and quiet now you lie
To hear the lovely lullaby
That Mary sung to rock to rest
The Blessed Babe upon her breast.

Be such another

As He to your mother—

His little brother

Whene'er I weep.

“Now into slumber falling, falling,
Till the cock's calling,

Sleep, my Son, sleep!”

Alfred Perceval Graves.

172

LENNAVAN-MO

Lennavan-mo,
Lennavan-mo,
Who is it swinging you to and fro,
With a long low swing and a sweet low croon,
And the loving words of the mother's rune?

Lennavan-mo,
Lennavan-mo,
Who is it swinging you to and fro?
I'm thinking it is an angel fair,
The angel that looks on the gulf from the lowest stair
And swings the green world upward by its leagues of
sunshine hair.

Lennavan-mo,
Lennavan-mo,
Who is it swings you and the Angel to and fro?
It is He whose faintest thought is a world afar,
It is He whose wish is a leaping seven-moon'd star,
It is He, Lennavan-mo,
To whom you and I and all things flow.

Lennavan-mo,
Lennavan-mo,
It is only a little wee lass you are, Eilidh-mo-chree,
But as this wee blossom has roots in the depth of
the sky,
So you are at one with the Lord of Eternity—
Bonnie wee lass that you are,
My morning-star,
Eilidh-mo-chree, Lennavan-mo,
Lennavan-mo.

“*Fiona Macleod.*”
(*William Sharp.*)

Probably *mo* here stands for *m'ogh*, my grandchild, pronounced *mo*.
Lennavan (leanaban) : little child. *Eilidh* : *v. ante*, 71. *Mo-chree* : *v. ante*, 19.

173

A HEBRIDEAN LAVING SONG AND LULLABY

As crooned by Hebridean mothers while bathing and
lulling their children.

St. Brigid, dear smiler, be washing thee,
As she once washed the Christ-Child and laved Him
With water from Bethlehem's fountain,
Cool waters that angels make fragrant—
O little Glad-heart, my joy.

St. Mary be watching thee, bright one,
Black nightmare nor feyness be near thee,
Over thee sweet be the crooning,
The crooning that lulled her own Dear One—
O little Glad-heart, my joy.

King of the moon and the glory,
Seed of Our Lady so gracious,
Guard him, befriend him, and guide him,
To-night, evermore, till the Daybreak—
My little Glad-heart, my joy,
My little Glad-heart, my joy.

Kenneth Macleod.

(From the Gaelic, orally gathered.)

Feyness: death-dealing, doom

174

A CHILD ASLEEP

How he sleepeth! having drunken
 Weary childhood's mandragore,
 From his pretty eyes have sunken
 Pleasures, to make room for more—
 Sleeping near the withered nosegay, which he pulled the
 day before.

Nosegays! leave them for the waking;
 Throw them earthward where they grew:
 Dim are such, beside the breaking
 Amaranths he looks unto—
 Folded eyes see brighter colours than the open ever do.

Heaven-flowers, rayed by shadows golden
 From the paths they sprang beneath,
 Now perhaps divinely holden,
 Swing against him in a wreath—
 We may think so from the quickening of his bloom and
 of his breath.

Vision unto vision calleth,
 While the young child dreameth on.
 Fair, O dreamer, thee befalleth
 With the glory thou hast won!
 Darker wert thou in the garden, yestermorn, by summer
 sun.

We should see the spirits ringing
 Round thee,—were the clouds away,
 'Tis the child-heart draws them, singing
 In the silent-seeming clay—
 Singing!—Stars that seem the mutest, go in music all
 the way.

As the moths around a taper,
 As the bees around a rose,
 As the gnats around a vapour,—
 So the Spirits group and close
 Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking its repose.

Shapes of brightness overlean thee,—
 Flash their diadems of youth
 On the ringlets which half screen thee,—
 While thou smilest, . . . not in sooth
Thy smile . . . but the overfair one, dropt from some
 æthereal mouth.

Haply it is angels' duty,
 During slumber, shade by shade
 To fine down this childish beauty
 To the thing it must be made,
 Ere the world shall bring it praises, or the tomb shall
 see it fade.

Softly, softly! make no noises!
 Now he lieth dead and dumb—
 Now he hears the angels' voices
 Folding silence in the room—
 Now he muses deep the meaning of the Heaven-words
 as they come!

Speak not! he is consecrated—
 Breathe no breath across his eyes.
 Lifted up and separated,
 On the hand of God he lies,
 In a sweetness beyond touching—held in cloistral sanctities!

Could you bless him—father—mother?
 Bless the dimple in his cheek?
 Dare ye look at one another,
 And the benediction speak?
 Would ye not break out in weeping, and confess yourselves too weak?

He is harmless—ye are sinful,—
 Ye are troubled—he, at ease;
 From his slumber, virtue winful
 Floweth outward with increase—
 Dare not bless him! but be blessed by his peace—and
 go in peace!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

“And so good-night with lullabies.

Shakespeare.

O sleep, sweet infant, for we all must sleep—
And wake like babes, that we may wake with Him
Who watches still His own from harm to keep,
And o'er them spreads the wings of cherubim.

Hartley Coleridge.

FINIS.



Thomas Faed, R.A. WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE ASLEEP The Walker Art Gallery
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APPENDIX

1. From *Baby Lays*. By permission of Mr. Elkin Mathews.
3. Mr. G. F. Northall in *English Folk Rhymes* (1892) tells us that this "was a favourite lullaby in the North of England fifty years ago," and we find it in J. O. Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England* (Ed. 1853).
4. From *Sing Song*. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.
5. All songs by Lady Lindsay in this book are included by permission of Miss Helen Lindsay. I am also indebted for this to Messrs. A. C. Black.
7. From *Welsh Poetry*. (Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.) For musical setting see *Welsh Melodies* (Messrs. Boosey & Co.). The original first appeared in Edward Jones's *Relicks of the Bards* (1784).
8. By permission of the author and Messrs. Blackie & Son.
11. The original of this appeared in the May number of the *Irish Review* for 1911. Mr. Pearse has remarked that "There are many exquisite lullabies in Irish, but they are being lost daily as the old people die. I have pieced this together from my recollection of a song that I heard in my childhood; where my memory failed I have filled in the lacunae from a version of the same lullaby taken down in West Cork by Humphry Lynch and printed some years ago in the *Gaelic Journal*. My translations are in prose, but they preserve much of the rhythm of the originals, and can be sung to the airs." Miss Eleanor Hull includes this traditional song in her delightful *Poem Book of the Gael*.
13. From *Lullabies of Many Lands*. By permission of Messrs. G. Allen & Co. Mrs. Rhys reports that this is still sung in Irish by the peasant women. In the *Petrie Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland* (1855) is the following

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note : " Mr. Joyce remarks, these songs, as far as I could learn from a pretty extensive enquiry, were many of them very similar in ideas, expression, and general character. The child was generally soothed to sleep with the promise of a golden cradle, rocked by the wind on a sunny day, under the shade of trees—a combination of circumstances in perfect harmony with the poetical character of the Irish peasantry. The verses were always followed by the burden *Shoheen sho*, etc., and when sung by a good voice, the whole melody and song must have had a powerfully soothing effect." We note the "similar ideas" in Walsh's songs, numbers 10 and 99.

- 14, 15 and 16. Are from *Irish Songs and Ballads*, by permission of the author and Messrs. Novello & Co. Also see *The Irish Poems of A. P. Graves*.
17. From *Ballads of a Country Boy*. (Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son.)
18. From *The Ulster Folk*. By permission of the author and Mr. David Nutt.
19. By permission of Mrs. Needham.
20. Said to be a Lochaber mother's croon to her baby boy, who (she hopes) will become like his father a notable cattle lifter, which occupation was, in its time and place, considered honourable. Mr. Henry Whyte ("Fionn") remarked : "It is characteristic of the age in which such pastimes as *creachan* (forays) were common, to find their perpetration enjoined on the rising generation from the cradle." Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane writes to me thus of the Scots Gaelic lullabies : "The melodies are more common than the words of these songs, for this reason, that words were extemporised for them, and it was only on odd occasions that they attained permanence. Often when words became popular they got mixed up with others, and it is no unfrequent thing to find two themes to one set of words. The Gaelic title *Cagaran Gaolach* means 'Little lovable whisper.' Of course, the full significance

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of such terms can never be transferred to another language; and what is sometimes quite ridiculous in one language may convey a caressing sentiment in another. For instance, a Lowland Scots woman might speak endearingly to a little girl as 'O, ma wee hen.' This would be outrageously laughable to a Gaelic Scots woman. She in her turn would speak most endearingly when calling her child '*O mo chuilcan*' ('Oh my little pup'). This expression may have arisen from hunting dogs being held in great esteem in ancient times; and after all is not a puppy often a most lovable object? An English person might use 'duck' as an endearing term, but to a Gael it would be funny. Then what is more common at the present day, than to talk of children as 'kiddies,' which is pushing out the Lowland Scots English words 'weans' and 'bairns.' I prefer to use the Scots dialect for rendering Gaelic verse, because the style of Scots song is founded to a considerable extent on Gaelic music; that is, the style that came to the surface about the middle of the eighteenth century, and which culminated in Burns's work. That gives a precedent that means much still, although it meant much more to the last generation of Lowland Scots. It is not appreciated as much as it deserves by the Gaelic Scot." A musical setting can be had of Mr. Eneas Mackay, Stirling, and other publishers of Gaelic songs.

23. Composed for the lulling of a little grandson then in South Africa. The incidents suggested were all fulfilled. The wee callant came to "bonnie Scotland," "cuddled his own Grannie," "rowed amang the wild thyme," and all the delightful rest of it. He then returned to Africa much refreshed by the "caller showers."
27. From *National Songs*. By permission of the author, Mr. Malcolm Lawson and Messrs. Constable & Co.
28. Mr. Henry Whyte ("Fionn") describes this as "A sweet Hebridean lullaby from *The Gesto Collection*."

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29. Contributed to *Old Lore Miscellany* of Viking Society, Vol. 4, 1911, by Major J. E. W. Tait.
33. From *The Arbor of Amorous Devices* (1593). I note that it is also in *Bagford Ballades* with the quaint heading here given. *Bagford Ballades* (folio) illustrates the last years of the Stuarts. The collection began in 1711.
34. From *The Pleasant Comædie of Patient Grissell* (1603).
35. I am indebted to Mrs. Rhys's researches for this. I regret that I fail to find where the MS. is lodged.
36. From *Lullabies of Many Lands*. By permission of Messrs. G. Allen & Co. Miss Strettell tells us "this lullaby is popular in the mining districts, where the men often lose their lives in the mines."
37. From *Welsh Ballads*. By permission of Mr. Ernest Rhys and Mr. David Nutt.
38. From *Welsh Melodies*. (Messrs. Boosey & Co.)
39. From *National Songs*. By permission of the author, Mr. Malcolm Lawson, and Messrs. Constable & Co.
40. Supposed to have been sung to her child by a lady (Anne Bothwell) when deserted by her husband. It occurs in the play *Philotimus* (1562), and is in *Percy's Reliques*. The last verse is omitted as not addressed to the child.
41. I find this well-known song in *The Scots Musical Museum*, by James Johnson, 1787. In some versions it is erroneously intermixed with other songs.
43. Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane writes: "This ballad—for it is a true ballad—is most likely the very composition of the woman concerned in it. She was the daughter of 'Ruthven's daughter' referred to in verse 5, and of 'Black Duncan' in verse 6; Colin was her brother. Balloch (or *Bealach*), which means pass or opening from a loch or glen, was the home of the family. Finlarig is a grim old ruin now, near the foot of Loch Tay, and the pit, in which those who were to be beheaded stood, is still shown. This Gregor MacGregor

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was very likely there beheaded by his father-in-law's edict. In respect to drinking the blood, it is no mere fancy, and is historically attested as having been done by women in similar circumstances in Ireland. The MacGregors and the Perthshire Campbells were at feud for centuries. This is a case of a daughter of a leading Campbell family having married a son of the MacGregor chief against her family's wishes; they wanted her to marry a Lowland baron, which explains verse 10." Miss Frances Tolmie tells us that this lament is well known as a lullaby throughout the Hebrides. Three verses are omitted.

44. This was contributed by Miss F. Tolmie to the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, 1911. She gives it as "a memory from her earliest days, heard in Durinish and Minginish, Skye," and describes it as "a favourite lullaby in the Highlands." It is sung to the tune of The March of the Breadalbane Campbells.
45. Miss F. Tolmie gathered this from Christina Macdonald, afterwards Mrs. John Tolmie, who on her part learnt it at Renetra in the parish of Snizort (the Hebrides) from a young cousin, Martin Mackinnon, who derived great pleasure from listening to the women of the hamlet singing at their work, and when lulling their children to sleep. It was used as a lullaby and as a milking song. Miss Tolmie remarks: "No one can tell by whom the tunes of these songs were composed, or by whom the words, which vary to the same air through the generations in accordance with change of circumstance."
46. By permission of Mr. L. J. Nicholson.
47. Hitherto unpublished.
48. From *Sing Song*. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.
49. From *Songs and Lyrics*. By permission of the Walter Scott Publishing Co.

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50. From *Songs of Childhood*. By permission of the author and Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.
51. A variant of this lullaby is in *Songs for Little People* (Messrs. Constable & Co.).
53. From *The Irish Poems of A. P. Graves* (Maunsel & Co.), and with musical setting by Sir C. V. Stanford, in *Songs of Erin* (Boosey & Co.).
54. By permission of the author and the editor of the *Irish Monthly*.
55. From *The Pulse of the Bards*. (Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son.)
56. From *Peacock Pie*. By permission of the author and Messrs. Constable & Co.
57. This was being sung as a lullaby in the South of England in 1833.
60. From *Lilliput Lyrics*. By permission of Messrs. John Lane & Co.
61. From *Old Welsh Knee Songs*. By permission of the author and Messrs. Blackie & Son.
62. "This has been handed down from one generation to another in various parts on the sea-board of the Vale of Glamorgan. The reference to prizes and Barnstaple Bay connects it with smugglers and wreckers, who were notorious on both sides of the Severn Sea. Bristol was a port for smuggled goods, and Barnstaple Bay obtained the name of "Golden Bay" for similar traffic. I heard it sung there as a lullaby in 1869. In some parts of Wales mothers hush their children to sleep with song, but lullabies, especially the old ones, are gradually going out of fashion, and I am of opinion that this accounts for the unruly children of to-day. Lullabies are, however, chiefly to be heard when no one is listening."—Marie Trevelyan.
64. By permission of Miss Brown. Hitherto unpublished, but has been set to music by Mr. W. H. Gill.

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65. From the *Irish Poems of A. P. Graves*. (Messrs. Maunsel & Co.) A musical setting is in *Welsh Melodies*; also in *Songs of Old Ireland* (Messrs. Boosey & Co.). The original in Petrie's *Ancient Music of Ireland*.
71. By permission of Mrs. William Sharp.
72. Hitherto unpublished. Mr. Kenneth Macleod, to whom I am indebted for this and the three following lullabies, writes: "I have heard the mothers lulling their children with these songs in my native Isle of Eigg. The translations are as literal as possible. In Gaelic poetry we use assonance rather than rhyme, and as we carry assonance to excess, the task of translating is always a difficult one. That is why we are so fond of prose translations. I have chosen for your anthology such croons as have character, and are representative of old Hebridean life. In the lore of the Isles one is struck by the curious mixture of paganism and Christianity—of reiving and praying. Lullabies are still sung in the Hebrides, genuine baby songs. Many are merely extemporised for the occasion and are generally valueless save for the air. But there are also a number of historical and folk-lore lullabies, which every Hebridean mother knows and croons to her children; these have mostly some pretty legend attached to them."
74. Hitherto unpublished.
- 75 and 77. From *Songs of the Hebrides*. Words and music orally collected by Marjory Kennedy-Fraser and Kenneth Macleod. (Messrs. Boosey & Co.) By permission of Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser.
77. From *Songs of Thule*. (Alexander Gardner.) By permission of Mr. L. J. Nicholson. In reference to *wir ain* Mr. MacFarlane remarks: "It is common to hear an Ayrshire wife speak of her husband as 'oor aine': our one, that is, the family's principal one, the husband and father. A North of Ireland woman often says 'our man.'"

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78. From *Peacock Pie*. By permission of the author and Messrs. Constable & Co.
80. By permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.
81. A traditional Cradle Song of the parish of Arbory. Contributed by Mr. W. Cubbon to *Mannin*, Vol. I., 1913. He remarks to me: "There is every indication of its having been originally in the Manx language, therefore it is in all probability many hundreds of years old. The family names in it are considerably over four hundred years established in the neighbourhood with which the song deals."
82. Mr. A. W. Moore in *Manx Ballads and Music* states that this has been sung by Manx mothers and nurses for many generations to the air of *Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush*. Miss Sophia Morrison of Peel brought it to my notice, and sent also the fragment of a Manx cradle song caught in its flight, had from a Dalby fisherman: "He remembers his grandmother, an old woman of eighty at the time, singing it to him, sixty years ago, or more. When she sang 'Kook, kook, peep, peep,' she rapped her knuckles here and there on something hard. He seems to think that this couplet, all that he can remember, came as a refrain. The air he sang it to is such a quaint, beautiful fragment of music."

Kook, kook, peep, peep, said the dear little cuckoo,
Why hast thou slept so long on the summer from us?

Can any of my readers record more? The cuckoo in Manx lore is one of the Seven Sleepers. See note to No. 97.

83. From the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, 1911. By permission of Miss Tolmie. Miss Annie Gilchrist's note to the song, which she permits me to quote, is of interest.

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"There is considerable resemblance between this tune and that of an old Danish lullaby, four different forms of which are given in *Bornenes Musik*—a collection of Danish nursery songs and singing games. The rhythm and some of the phrases are almost identical with two of these Danish versions, and as 'Siud a Leinibh' does not seem to be Gaelic in character, it may perhaps be an old Norse lullaby tune. Less than 200 years ago a number of old Norse ballads still existed in Shetland, and it seems to be quite likely that some similar relics of Norse occupation may have been preserved further south in the Hebrides."

84. Contributed by Mr. John Frith to *Old-Lore Miscellany of Viking Society*, 1908. He has heard the song used as a lullaby in Orkney, and remarks: "With regard to the music to which it is sung, I have a distinct recollection of the air as crooned by my grandmother sixty years ago. In after years I recognised in it the first half of the tune set to 'The Campbells are Coming,' but I have since ascertained that the music was an old air sung as far back at least as 1567, and not adapted to 'The Campbells are Coming' till 1715. In David Herd's *Collection of Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs* (1776) is a variant of the Bretheren Three, beginning:

"'Will ye go to the wood?' quo Fozie Mosie;
'Will ye go to the wood?' quo Johnnie Rednosie;
'Will ye go to the wood?' quo Foslin 'ene;
'Will ye go to the wood?' quo brither and kin."

These are evidently remnants of the Wren Boy Songs in vogue when hunting the wren was a custom in various parts of the four kingdoms. So here is an instance of mothers lulling the children to sleep with any song they happen to know.

Miss Jennett Humphreys, in *Old Welsh Knee Songs*, gives her translation of a similar song of five verses only.

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"A hand song, not a lullaby." The first verse she renders :

" 'Will you come to the wood?' says Owen to Hugh ;
'Will you come to the wood?' says Morgan to Pugh ;
'Will you come to the wood?' says John Jones and
 Son ;
'Will you come to the wood?' says every one.' "

The following verses begin respectively :

' Let us think what to do,
 We will hunt the wee wren,
 To be sure and what then ;
 We will boil it for broth.'

The last line is tragical :

' And they did, and the broth drowned every one.'

The original is in *Oriau'r Haf*, by Ceiriog.

86. From *A Child's Garden of Verses*. By permission of Messrs. Longmans Green & Co; also of Charles Scribner's Sons (the American publishers of Mr. Stevenson's Works).
87. From *Songs and Lyrics*. By permission of The Walter Scott Publishing Co. We read that, as early as the fourteenth century, mothers used to frighten their children into silence (if not to sleep?) with different up-to-date bogies. A version of the song is to be found in *The Christmas Box* for the year 1828, edited by T. Crofton Croker, F.R.S., London. Nothing to indicate the authorship of it is traceable. This Annual for children, is clearly an anthology in spite of the fact that it contains one or two very original items. A correspondent in *Notes and Queries*, Vol. VII., 1877, writes: "I remember well having this said or sung to me in, or about, the year 1836." The French used some such hushing song, but in place of the name of Cromwell was Wellington, and for Lincoln's steeple

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was Rouen's. In another song Menschikoff is the ogie. Macaulay has told us that Saracen mothers frightened their children with the name of the man-eating Plantagenet.

90. From *The Four Winds of Erin*. (Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son.)
93. By permission of Mrs. Corbet Snell.
94. From *Dreams of Home*. (Alexander Gardner.)
96. From *Songs of Childhood*. By permission of the author and Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

FAIRY SONGS

Mr. Henry Whyte ("Fionn") in *Songs of the Gael*, says: "In dealing with this class of song it is not necessary to discuss at length the 'little people' who are alleged to have given form to those attractive melodies, whose notes we used to love in the days of our boyhood. That they had a local habitation is abundantly evident from the number of fairy knolls (called in Gaelic *sithein*) that we find in every part of the Highlands. Almost every one of these knolls has one or more stories attached to them, telling how some one was concealed in those hills for a year and a day, or perhaps a century. There was also the fairy flag at Dunvegan, and the curious traditions associated with it, as well as numerous songs and rhymes said to have been recited or sung by the fairies. Nor are such stories or songs confined to the Highlands; we find them quite common in Ireland and in the Isle of Man." I will add to this a remark of Miss Frances Tolmie's: "The belief in fairies is regarded by right-minded folk with reverence as belonging to the past, and cannot confuse anyone in this strange time of ice and fire going together, and causing an atmosphere in which no fairy could live."

97. In Manx lore Cadlag is one of The Seven Sleepers. The others are The Snail, The Bat, The Cuckoo, The Stonechat, The Swallow, and The Dormouse. The old belief

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was that the cuckoo slept in a hole all the winter.—
J. Kermode (“Cushag”).

98. From *The Poem Book of the Gael*. By permission of Miss E. Hull and Messrs. Chatto & Windus. The original was found in Argyllshire by John Gregorson Campbell. This is considered to be of Irish origin, in spite of the finding of it in Scotland.
100. From *Bards of the Gael and Gall*. By permission of Dr. Sigerson and Mr. Fisher Unwin. In *The Ancient Music of Ireland*, by George Petrie (1855), is a version of this lullaby headed *Seo Hu Leo*, “An Ancient Lullaby, procured from Mary Madden, a blind ballad-singer (Limerick, 1854),” with notes. The following by Mr. Curry is of special interest: “The preceding rare and remarkable poem contains, I am bold to say, more of authentic fairy fact and doctrine than, with some few exceptions, has been ever before published in Ireland. The incident here so clearly narrated was believed, at all times, to be of frequent occurrence. It was for the last sixteen hundred years, at least, and is still, as firmly believed in as any other fact in the history of this country, that the Tuatha de Danann, after their overthrow by the Milesians, had gone to reside in their hills and ancient forts, or in their dwellings in lakes and rivers—that they were in possession of a mortal immortality—and that they had the power to carry off from this visible world men and women in a living state, and sometimes under the semblance of death. . . . The poem tells its own story fully and clearly. The allusions to the luxuries of the fairy mansion carry it back to a period anterior to the general use of the more modern inventions of wine and whiskey, etc. Now whiskey, i.e. *Uisge Beatha* (or “Water of Life”), is known to have been commonly used in Ireland for three hundred years, and if it had been an ordinary luxury at the time of writing this poem, there can be no doubt that it would be included in the list of good

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things of fairydom. It may be further observed that the poem is not written in the language of the poets of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, and that there is not one corrupt word or Anglicism in it, defects from which very few Irish poems of the last two hundred years are free. The abducted person in this poem seems to have been a married woman, and a nurse. She also appears to have been snatched off her horse, probably under the semblance of a fall and death; and that her rank was respectable is shown by her having ridden her own palfrey. She sees from within *Lios-a-Chnocain*, or the Fort of the Hillock, a woman, probably a neighbour, standing on the brink of a stream which passes by the fort, and in the intervals of her *Seo hu leo*, or husbandy, for her new nurseling, she contrives to convey to the listener her wishes line after line to the end of each stanza, and then, in order to gain time for further thought and see if she was still unobserved within, she finishes with a more prolonged *Seo hu leo*, addressed to her infant. The old men tied in fetters, in the second stanza, are men who have been formerly carried off in the prime of life, but were kept to be substituted for other young men when carried off from their young wives or friends. The bit of wax candle which her husband was to carry in the palm of his hand was—in more modern times—a candle blessed on Candlemas-day, and with which no house in Ireland was unprovided. The black-hafted knife was the only formidable weapon in fairy warfare—a single thrust or stab from it was fatal; but a second rendered the first one harmless. . . . The use of the black-hafted knife in our poem appears to have been to strike the leading horse of the woman's fairy chariot when going through the gap or door of the fort the next day, by which the magic veil which concealed her would be destroyed; and the possession of the herb which grew at the door of the fort was to guard her from all future attempt at her recapture. Her urgent request for an immediate release was in accordance with the belief that fairy

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captives are redeemable within a year and a day, but after that they are lost for ever."

102. Hitherto unpublished, but has been set to the music called *Crouan na Banaltra*. See note 170.
103. From *Selected Poems*, by Nora Chesson. By permission of Mr. W. H. Chesson and Messrs. Alston Rivers.
- 104 and 105. From *A Lane of the Thrushes*.
106. From *Irish Noimins*. (Messrs. Sealey, Bryer & Walker.) This is quite an epitome of English Folklore. There are many tales concerning the arch luchre; it is supposed that it crawls into the mouth of anyone lying asleep open-mouthed beside a stream or pond.
- 107 and 109. From *The Pulse of the Bards*. (Messrs. M. H. Gill & Sons.)
108. From *Songs of Erin*.

The following Gaelic song, *The Fairy and the Mother*, illustrates so cleverly a fairy's attempt to gain possession of a human child, that I insert it here; not being a lullaby it cannot find a place in the text. The translation is by Mr. P. J. McCall. I find it in his *Fireside Songs*.

"A mother nursing her baby (as yet unbaptised) is approached by a fairy anxious to obtain possession of the infant. The fairy hopes by making little of the child to irritate the mother, so as to leave her 'without a word,' in which case the child becomes a fairy possession. But the mother, in the following verses, gives a suitable repique to each phrase, and the child is not 'worded away'":

Fairy.

He is a sad, ungracious child,
All withered, wizened, bare!
Splay feet he hath, and nerveless limbs
That may not press green earth!

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Mother.

He is mine own red, rosy child,
Plump, worthy of my care !
My yew, my rush, my bird and eggs,
My daughter and my mirth !

Fairy.

He is a wound ; he is a sore ;
He is a worthless child !
A stone, a clod, a soulless weight
That maketh mother grieve !

Mother.

He is my house, my calvèd cows,
My barn with barley piled !
My scented rose, my singing bird,
My star of morn and eve !

Fairy.

He is a town-bred huxter's child,
A coward, bloodless, vain !
Whose hair like stubble, sheer and sharp,
The mother's bosom stings !

Mother.

He is the son of ocean chief—
His father is a Dane !
His curly head around my heart
Twines flossy, silken rings !

Fairy.

He is the spawn of beggar folk—
Why should such one be clad ;
But left in sorry nakedness
In badger's ruined keep ?

Mother.

A hero born ! around his form
Seven colours I will plaid !
He'll dance on knees, he'll drink at breast,
And pulsed on bosom sleep !

Fairy.

He's basely born, fling him away
Afar to piggi-h fold,
To wallow in black, seething ooze,
And snore on bed at night !

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Mother.

He's truly born! a coat of green,
Wrist ruffled with the gold,
And shirt of saffron shall be his,
In chamber sunned with light!

Fairy.

He's demon born! through caves and clefts,
Let him at midnight crawl,
And live on toad and venom'd spume—
His laugh the cursing word!

Mother.

He's princely born! the sound of harps
Shall echo through his hall,
And ale, and wine, and champions' meat
Shall grace his plenteous board.

And so the mother had the last word!

110. From *The Macdonald Collection* (omitting two verses).
By permission of the Rev. Archibald Macdonald and the Rev. A. J. Macdonald. The former writes: "This is my English rendering of a lullaby that is well known in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. There are several versions of the original Gaelic, but the one from which this is taken is the most complete that I have seen. It was published in the above-named collection of Gaelic poetry made by my friend and myself in 1911, and it may be worth while to quote the introductory note which accompanies it in the volume. 'The song was by a woman for her lost child, who had been spirited away by the fairies. . . . There is an indication in verse 9 that a more material agency than a fairy was responsible for the loss of the child, and suggests it being torn by a wild animal. This points to a time when wild beasts prevailed in Scotland, which would place the origin of the song at a very early date. It certainly has an antique flavour. The words of verse 8, of course, apply figuratively to the woman herself. I fear the attempt at English does not satisfy the canons of art, but by stretch of charity it may pass muster, as it is a pretty literal translation, and faithful to the

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original." He adds: "As late as the commencement of the nineteenth century the practice prevailed in the Long Island (a name applied to the Outer Hebrides) of lulling the old people to sleep with Fingalian songs and tales. A woman died in South Uist not many years ago, whose principal occupation in the family where she served was to perform this duty night after night for an old lady, the widow of the Rev. George Munro, minister of that parish."

111. From *Songs of the Gael*. (Eneas Mackay, of Stirling.) Mr. Lachlan Macbean gives this note to his translation of one of the many Gaelic versions. "A mother has had her child stolen by the fairies, and is seeking it. She rehearses all the kinds of trails imaginable (and impossible?), except the trail of her soft downie one, baby. The fairy found the baby was always pining and crying for its human mother, and named it accordingly. If the mother was prowling about, it is no wonder if the fairy lost her charge. There is a pretty melody to the song."
112. The Rev. A. J. Macdonald says "this is a very old lullaby, five hundred years or so, but to fix a date is difficult. It has been a pipe tune from time immemorial (and a fine tune it is). It is in *Ant-oranaiche*, a collection of Gaelic songs; and also, with the music (which is wrong), in *Campbell's Poetry of the Highland Clans*. Maol-Ruainidh (a nickname) describes the wandering propensities of the idle, good-for-nothing mother; and the child, not simply because it wanders, is little Maol-Ruainidh; it gets the title of the mother."
113. From *The Old Highlands*. By permission of Miss Whyte and Mr. J. A. Mackeggie. Mr. Henry Whyte ("Fionn"), in *Songs of the Gael*, writes: "May I presume that the majority of my readers were, like myself, brought up in blissful ignorance of the modern nursery? Lulled to sleep on our mother's knee, we still love to think of the Gaelic melodies that were poured in our ear, and we never hear one of those sweet and simple airs but

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we think of our happy childhood. . . . We also recollect the things that were promised to us if we would be good and sleep." With respect to the latter remark, see songs 47, 49 and 81.

114. This is Mrs. Grant's free rendering of Maol-Ruainidh, "giving a few of the images suggested by the original. It has Ba ho-ro in the refrain, as heard in Argyllshire, in place of Ha ho ro."
115. From *Carmina Gadelica* (1900). Hymns and incantations orally collected in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and translated by Alexander Carmichael, LL.D. Included by permission of Mrs. Carmichael and Mr. David Nutt.
118. A piper's story known throughout the western world, even in Persia. The renderings are various, and many caves claim to be "The Cave of Gold." This lilt was published in *The Journal of the Folk-Song Society* in 1911, with the note which heads it also. Miss Tolmie tells us that Tobar Tulaich was a sacred well, believed to possess magical health-restoring properties, and said to be the best water in Skye. Miss Annie Gilchrist remarks: "The inference naturally drawn from the legend is, that the music of the piper acted as a charm, or protection, and by ceasing playing, in order to defend himself, he perished."
119. This lilt also appeared in *The Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, 1911.
120. From *Peacock Pie*. By permission of the author and Messrs. Constable & Co. "Till the Silent Silent send" (*i.e.*, the fairies), send of themselves.
121. From *The Prince of Wales Cantata*. By John Owen. Words by "Ceiriog" (Messrs. Hughes & Co., Wrexham). Performed at Carnarvon in 1862. I will remind my readers that the first English Prince of Wales was Edward Plantagenet, born 1284, afterwards King Edward II.

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122. From the play of Philotimus (1583).
123. On a tree top—or green *boh* (bough). Note that *boh* rhymes with rock, and top fails to do so. Mr. Walter Skeat remarks: "There was an Anglo-Saxon form with 'g' (*bog*) as well as *boh*" (Grien I., 134). It was also seen in the Icelandic *rugga*, to rock a cradle.
125. From *Gammer Gurton's Garland* (1783). Sheep are still hunted in some parts of Britain, if too wild to be caught otherwise, but hardly in any serious sense now-a-days. The Scotch variant is known to most of us:
- " Hushie be, burdie Becton,
Your Mammie's gane to Scaton,
For to buy a lammie skin
To wrap your bonnie boukie in."
126. Contributed by Mr. John Frith, of Finstown Frith, where he heard it sung quite recently as a lullaby. It is of special interest, as it illustrates the plucking or pulling of the wool from the sheep instead of shearing, a method adopted in Shetland, Orkney, and other parts of Britain with certain breeds of sheep, also of the old custom, swinging or rocking the baby in a hammock, hence the "bullie," or "calf skin."
- 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, and 133. These are in J. O. Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England*, either in edition 1842 or 1853; some are in both. He considered that "no modern compositions are found to supply altogether the place of the ancient doggerel. The absurdity and frivolity of a rhyme may naturally be its chief attraction to the very young."
134. Contributed by Mr. John Frith with the following remarks: "This lullaby is a very expressive one. The purring of a cat at the kiln door of the barn would be very like the sound made by a spinning-wheel when being wrought." Teef, for thief, illustrates the Irishman's, Highlander's, and Norseman's difficulty with the "th," a difficulty, however, not confined to these races.

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135, 136, 137, 138, 139, and 140. These are six lullabies from the Vale of Glamorgan.

With the exception of number 135, these lullabies have not hitherto been published. "Some of them resemble Pembrokeshire rhymes. There were Flemish settlers here and there all along the coast line of South Wales to Cardiff. This is one reason why they are in English. Doubtless at one time there were Welsh equivalents, but I have not come across them. All of the rhymes are genuine, and from the interesting and historical Vale of Glamorgan. Numbers 135, 137, and 138 are still heard; 136 I heard in 1869, and 139 in 1870." 135. "This is evidently of very ancient date, probably thirteenth or fourteenth century. It indicates a local tradition about a Lady Berkerolles, of East and West Norchete Castles, known in later times as East and West Orchard, near St. Athan, in the Vale of Glamorgan. The tradition is, that a daughter of one of the powerful Norman De Clares, lords of Glamorgan, and a countess in her own right, became the bride of one of the Berkerolles, who kept these famous castles for the reigning king. The orchards were renowned for their apples. A military force protected the place, by order of the Lord Marcher. The bridegroom joined the crusade in 1240, returning in about 1244. When in a jealous mood, he condemned his innocent wife to a terrible doom. She was bound by her hands and feet, and buried up to her neck in a standing posture in a field near her home, and left to starve. Her husband gave permission for her sister to go and see her once daily. Very early every morning the sister proceeded to the place of torture, and while going, she allowed her long silken robe to trail in the dewy grass. In this way moisture was collected to cool the dry lips and burning tongue of the beautiful victim, who eagerly sucked the moisture, and was kept alive for some time. Too late her innocence was clearly established. The wicked Berkerolle lost his reason and ended his days in misery and remorse. In the *Iolo MSS.*, p. 400, par-

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particulars are given of the apparition known as *Y Ladi Wen* (The White Lady), who in trailing silken robes walked round and round one particular spot near the ruins of West Orchard or Norchete Castle. She never appeared at night, but soon after dawn and before sunrise in the summer months. So late as 1863 women who went sheep-milking declared they often saw a beautiful lady going 'round and round' a certain spot in the field, and villagers in the neighbourhood said *Y Ladi Wen* appeared every morning during the last ten or twelve days of June. The song in rough form was handed down in the Welsh language from one generation to another until about 1855-1860."—Marie Trevelyan.

141. From *Poems*. By Josephine Daskam. Copyright, 1903, by Charles Scribner's Sons.
142. From *A Light on the Broom*.
143. By permission of the Earl of Rosslyn.
144. From *Songs of Childhood*. By permission of the author and Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.
147. From *Prometheus the Firegiver*. By permission of the Poet Laureate and Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.
148. From *Peacock Pie*. By permission of the author and Messrs. Constable & Co.
149. From *Modern Anglo-Irish Verse*. By permission of the author and Mr. David Nutt.
150. I am indebted to Miss Alma Strettell's researches for this, which is in *Lullabies of Many Lands*, already alluded to. I regret that I cannot find where the MS. is lodged. In the original, for "shalt" is *zall*, and in verse 9, "why" is *gwy*, and "wat" *gwat*.
152. From *The Towneley Mysteries* or Plays, acted at, or near, Wakefield, in Yorkshire, about 1430; hardly a lullaby, but so captivatingly quaint it has found itself a place.
153. From the pageant, *A Slaughter of the Innocents*. Coventry Christi Plays. Acted in Coventry in the reign of Henry VIII. by the shearmen and tailors of that city.

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154. From *Ane Compendious Booke of Godlie and Spiritual Songs*. The authorship of this book has been discussed; some name Andro Hart as the author, others Wedderburn. "But the latter is improbable, and it should be regarded as a poetical miscellany." It was published in 1597, and reprinted in 1602.
155. "Of Old English Origin." From William Ballet's *Lute Book* (published about 1660) in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. I omit verse one, and so begin with the lullaby.
156. By permission of Mr. Horatio Brown, and Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.
157. By permission of Messrs. Burns & Oates.
158. From *Ireland's Veils*. By permission of the author and Mr. Elkin Mathews. 159 and 160 are hitherto unpublished. With respect to St. Brigid (St. Bridget or St. Bride of The Isles), a favourite Gaelic saint, chronological discrepancy is rife. Historians give her date as fifth century, while legend represents her as carried by angels from Ireland to Bethlehem to tend the Infant Christ.
161. This lullaby and note are from *Songs of the Hebrides*, words and music orally collected by Marjory Kennedy-Fraser and Kenneth Macleod (Messrs. Boosey & Co.). By permission of Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser.
- "In Eigg and Uist this lullaby is associated with a legend, of which the following is a literal translation :
- "There was once a shiftless laddie in one of the Isles who had lost his mother, and that is always a sad tale; but he had got a stepmother in her place, and that is sometimes a sadder tale still. He was not like other children, at any rate, but wise where they were foolish, and foolish where they were wise; and he could never do or say anything but what put anger on his stepmother. There was no life for him in the house, and out of it if he should go, as out he would; that was a

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fault too. His neighbours said that he was growing into the grave. His stepmother said that he was growing up to the gallows. And he thought himself (but his thoughts were young and foolish) that he was growing towards something which fate was keeping for him. On an evening there was, he brought home, as usual, the cattle for the milking, and if they gave little milk that time, and likely it was little they gave, who was to blame for it but the poor orphan!

“‘Son of another,’ said the stepmother in the heat of anger, ‘there will be no luck in this house till you leave, but whoever heard of a luckless chick leaving of its own will?’ But leave the shiftless laddie did, that of his own will, and ere the full moon rose at night, he was on the other side of the ben. That night the stepmother could get neither sleep nor ease; there was something ringing in her ear, and there was something else stinging in her heart, until at last her bed was like a cairn of stones in a forest of reptiles. ‘I will arise,’ she said, ‘and see if the night outside is better than the night inside.’ She rose and went out, with her face towards the ben; nor did she ever stop until she saw and heard something which made her stop. What was this but a woman, with the very heat-love of Heaven in her face, sitting on a grassy knoll and song-lulling a baby son with the sweetest music ever heard under moon or sun. And at her feet was the shiftless laddie, his face like the dream of the Lord’s night. ‘God of the Graces,’ said the stepmother, ‘it is Mary Mother, and she is doing what I ought to be doing—song-lulling the orphan’; and she fell on her knees and began to weep the soft warm tears of a mother, and when after a while she looked up, there was nobody there but herself and the shiftless laddie side by side. And this is how the Christ’s Lullaby was heard in The Isles.”—Kenneth Macleod.

162. Mr. W. H. Gill gives me this charmingly simple little song, with the following comment: “Born abroad, and

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within the hearing of the gentle plash of the tideless Mediterranean, my dear old Sicilian nurse used to sing me to sleep when a baby, and my brother after me, with a song which suggested these verses."

164. From *Hallelujah, or Britain's Second Remembrancer*. Three verses are omitted.
165. Miss Jennett Humphrey, of Welsh nursery fame, and whose *Hush and Frolic Rhymes* have been the joy of many a child, is severe on this Cradle Hymn. She writes: "I can remember my mother lulling me to sleep with

' Yet to read the shameful story
How the Jews abused their king,'

Adding: "It sounds preposterous, but is a fact; period about 1835." It would appear that the song did seem "too hard" to the child, if those are the lines fixed on her memory. W. B. G., writing to *Old-Lore Miscellany of the Viking Society*, 1913, calls this a Shetland lullaby: it is only two, and of the more gentle verses, that "have lingered in his memory for sixty years or more." An art critic to whom the whole song is familiar (as it is with so many of us) describes it as "a gem."

169. By permission of the author and Messrs. Hughes, of Wrexham.
170. Mr. P. H. Pearse writes: "This is set to the music called *Cronan na Banaltra* (The Nurse's Croon), with which the mothers of Iar Connacht, Co. Galway, say the blessed Virgin used to sing the Infant Christ to sleep. Many lullabies are sung to the tune in Iar Connacht and in Connemara. The reference in the first four stanzas is to the belief that on a certain night Mary and her child walk through villages, and that if the cottage door be left open, and a candle burning in the window, they will enter and sit awhile by the firesides of the

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poor. The mother pictures the blessed Virgin coming in and kissing the baby, and the Infant Christ laying His little hand on the baby's cheek. The Irish speak very familiarly of God and the saints. I have often heard 'Little God' in the sense of 'Dear God.'"

171. By permission of the author and the editor of *The Observer*.
172. From *The Seventh Volume of the Collected Works of Fiona Macleod* (William Sharp). By permission of Mrs. William Sharp.
173. Hitherto unpublished.

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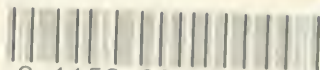
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